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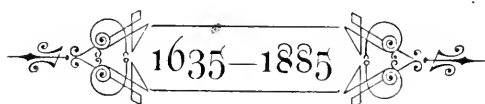








CELEBRATION  
OF THE  
Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary  
OF  
THE INCORPORATION  
OF  
CONCORD,  
September 12, 1885.



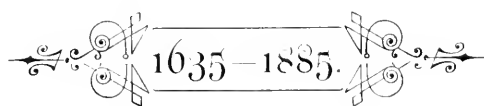
CONCORD, MASS.:

PUBLISHED BY THE TOWN.





CELEBRATION  
OF THE  
Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary  
OF  
THE INCORPORATION  
OF  
CONCORD,  
September 12, 1885.



CONCORD, MASS. :

PUBLISHED BY THE TOWN

PRINTED AT "THE CONCORD TRANSCRIPT" OFFICE.

## PREFACE.

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For the report of the proceedings, made stenographically, the Committee are indebted to Mr. FRANK A. NICHOLS, the editor of the Concord *Transcript*, who devoted an entire number of that paper to an account of the celebration. The oration was printed in a Supplement, and with the speeches and description, occupied thirty columns of the *Transcript* of Sept. 19th, 1885. This work of Mr. NICHOLS, was, through his kind permission, largely used in the preparation of this volume, and without it there would have been great difficulty in obtaining a full report of the speeches.

*Att the Genall Court holden att Nere Town,  
Sept. 2, 1635, It is ordered that there shalbe a  
plantacōn att Muskelequid, & that there shalbe 6  
myles of land square to belong to it, & that the in-  
habitants thereof shall have three yeares imunities  
from all publ charges except traineings; Further  
that when any that plant there shall have occaōn  
of carryeing of goods thither, they shall repaire  
to two of the nexte mgistrates where the teames  
are, whoe shall have power for a yeare to presse  
draughts att reasonable rates, to be payde by the  
owners of the goods, to transport their goods  
thither att seasonable tymes; & the name of the  
place is changed, & hereafter to be called*

*CONCORD.*

# CONCORD,

---

At the annual town meeting in 1885, under a proper article in the warrant, voted "that fifteen hundred dollars be raised and appropriated for the purpose of celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town, and erecting tablets or monuments to mark places and objects of historic interest," and chose the following persons a committee of arrangements to carry out the vote and expend the money above granted.

	HENRY J. HOSMER,	
SAMUEL HOAR,		STEPHEN G. BROOKS,
	JOHN S. KEYES,	
GRINDALL REYNOLDS,		JOHN L. GILMORE,
	RICHARD F. BARRETT,	
GEORGE P. HOW,		EDWIN S. BARRETT,
	WILLIAM WHEELER,	
ALFRED B. C. DAKIN,		CHARLES E. BROWN,
	EDWARD C. DAMON,	
JOHN H. MOORE,		WILLIAM H. HUNT,
	GEORGE H. WRIGHT,	
JOHN F. HOSMER,		GEORGE E. WALCOTT,
	GEORGE HEYWOOD, JR.	
JAMES B. WOOD,		GEORGE M. BROOKS,
	GEORGE HEYWOOD,	
EDWARD W. EMERSON,		CHARLES H. WALCOTT,
	ARTHUR G. FULLER.	

This committee organized by the choice of HENRY J. HOSMER Chairman, RICHARD F. BARRETT Secretary, and CHARLES E. BROWN Treasurer. It filled the vacancies occasioned by the death of GEORGE P. HOW and the resignations of GEORGE HEYWOOD and JOHN H. MOORE, by the choice of NATHAN B. STOW HUMPHREY H. BUTTRICK and EDWARD J. BARTLETT.

## CONCORD CELEBRATION.

The work was divided among sub-committees as follows :

*Tablets :*

CHARLES H. WALCOTT,	
EDWARD W. EMERSON,	ARTHUR G. FULLER,
JOHN F. HOSMER,	WILLIAM H. HUNT.

*Programme :*

GEORGE E. WALCOTT,	
GEORGE M. BROOKS,	EDWIN S. BARRETT,
JOHN L. GILMORE,	SAMUEL HOAR.

*Dinner :*

STEPHEN G. BROOKS,	
GEORGE E. WALCOTT,	NATHAN B. STOW,
GEORGE H. WRIGHT,	GEORGE HEYWOOD, JR.

*Reception :*

GEORGE M. BROOKS,	
GRINDALL REYNOLDS,	CHARLES H. WALCOTT,
EDWARD W. EMERSON,	ARTHUR G. FULLER.

*Oration :*

GRINDALL REYNOLDS,	
HENRY J. HOSMER,	WILLIAM WHEELER,
GEORGE M. BROOKS,	WILLIAM H. HUNT.

*Music :*

JOHN L. GILMORE,	
HUMPHREY H. BUTTRICK,	EDWARD J. BARTLETT
ALFRED B. C. DAKIN,	JAMES B. WOOD.

*Executive :*

SAMUEL HOAR,	
RICHARD F. BARRETT,	CHARLES E. BROWN,
EDWIN S. BARRETT,	EDWARD C. DAMON,
HENRY J. HOSMER,	JOHN L. GILMORE.

The details of the arrangements were at many meetings duly made, and carefully carried out.

Hon. GEORGE F. HOAR, of Worcester, was selected as the Orator.

Hon. JOHN S. KEYES, as President of the Day.

Capt. RICHARD F. BARRETT, as Chief Marshal.

Rev. BENJAMIN R. BULKELEY, as Chaplain.

Hon. GEORGE D. ROBINSON,	
Hon. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,	Prof. WILLIAM W. GOODWIN,
Hon. WILLIAM M. EVARTS,	Dr. SAMUEL A. GREEN,
Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP,	Mr. HAPGOOD WRIGHT,
Hon. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS,	Mr. ELIJAH B. PHILLIPS,
Pres. CHARLES W. ELIOT,	Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT,

were invited as the guests of the Town, each having some especial connection by birth, residence or relationship with the Town. The Selectmen of the Towns of Acton, Bedford, Lincoln and Carlisle were also invited as the representatives of their towns that once formed a part of Concord.

The public were notified of the arrangements by this order that was published and circulated throughout the Town.

CELEBRATION  
OF THE  
250<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY  
*of the Incorporation*  
OF  
CONCORD!  
*September 12, 1885.*

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A SALUTE WILL BE FIRED, AND BELLS WILL BE RUNG  
AT SUNRISE.

THE CONCORD ARTILLERY,

THE OLD CONCORD POST, G. A. R.,

THE CONCORD BATTERY, and

THE CONCORD FIRE DEPARTMENT,

will form in Monument Square at 9.30 o'clock, A.M., and will march at 10 o'clock over Lexington, Heywood, Walden, Hubbard, Devens, Sudbury and Thoreau Streets to the head of Main Street, where the invited guests will be received at 10.30 o'clock, and escorted down Main Street to the Town House.

*The Literary Exercises in the Town Hall*

will begin at 11 o'clock; doors will be open at 10.30 o'clock. After the Exercises at the Hall, the line will be reformed and march over Main, Thoreau and Texas Streets to the DINNER at Agricultural Hall, which will be served at 1.30 o'clock, P. M. at which time the parade will be dismissed.

A Salute will be fired, and the Bells rung at sunset.

*Citizens are invited to Decorate their Houses along the line  
of march.*

RECEPTION AND PROMENADE CONCERT.

There will be a Reception and Promenade Concert in the Town Hall on FRIDAY EVENING, Sept. 11th, from 7.30 to 11 o'clock, to which the citizens of Concord and their guests are invited.

RICHARD F. BARRETT, Chief Marshal.

## THE RECEPTION

was fixed for Friday evening Sept. 11th as more desirable than the last night of the week. The Town Hall was finely decorated for the occasion, a large tablet inscribed with the exact words of the original act of incorporation (as printed on the first page of this volume), was placed over the rear of the platform, and could be read from all parts of the room. The hall was well filled with ladies and gentlemen at an early hour, and the Salem Cadet Band furnished the music for the concert. The reception committee and their wives received those who came, including the especial guests of the town most of whom were present. These were cordially greeted, made welcome and presented to the citizens of the town, among whom were many old friends, relatives, and former neighbors. Many native born and former residents attended, and renewed their old ties of friendship or kinship with those present. After an hour or two of greetings and conversation, dancing began, and was kept up with much enjoyment till the close of what proved an informal but agreeable and delightful opening of the Celebration.

Saturday the twelfth day of September was favored with the finest weather of the year. It was ushered in by a salute fired by the Independent Mounted Battery under the command of CAPT. A. G. FULLER, from the Concord cannon inscribed as follows :

“The Legislature of Massachusetts consecrate the names of Major JOHN BUTTRICK and Captain ISAAC DAVIS, whose valor and example excited their fellow citizens to a successful resistance of a superior number of British troops at Concord Bridge, the 19th of April, 1775, which was the beginning of a contest in arms that ended in American Independence.”

The seven historic tablets were finished and set in their proper places, and the inscriptions on them were printed on the programme of the Exercises at the Town Hall. The morning hours were devoted to taking the guests of the town in carriages to see these tablets, each party in charge of a member of the Reception Committee. After the drive the guests and the committee met at the house of the Chairman, MR. HENRY J. HOSMER, and were entertained by him with a sumptuous lunch.



## THE PROCESSION

was formed on the public square at the hour named under the direction of CAPT. RICHARD F. BARRETT Chief Marshal and his aids CAPT. A. B. C. DAKIN, CHARLES E. BROWN, WILLIAM BARRETT, GEORGE E. WALCOTT and FRANK GILMORE. It consisted of

THE SALEM CADET BAND, 24 pieces,

THE CONCORD ARTILLERY, COMPANY I, 6th REGT. M. V. M.,

CAPT. J. L. GILMORE, 50 men,

OLD CONCORD POST, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,

E. J. BARTLETT, COMMANDER, 60 men,

CONCORD INDEPENDENT MOUNTED BATTERY,

CAPT. A. G. FULLER, 2 guns, 20 men,

THE CHELMSFORD BAND, 24 pieces,

THE CONCORD FIRE DEPARTMENT,

DENSMORE B. HOSMER, CHIEF ENGINEER,

WESTVALE ENGINE COMPANY, No. 2,

WALTER WRIGHT, FOREMAN, 30 men,

INDEPENDENCE ENGINE CO. No. 3,

MARK LOFTUS, FOREMAN, 25 men,

HOSE COMPANY No. 1,

FRANK R. GARFIELD, FOREMAN, 16 men.

Each company of the Fire Department was in uniform and had its machine in the line.

The procession marched promptly over the route indicated to the house of the Chairman at the head of Main street where it was reviewed by the Committee and their guests, who then in their carriages took their place in the line directly in rear of the Concord Artillery Company, their especial escort.

From there the parade moved over Main street to the Town Hall through crowds of observers lining the sidewalks and windows the whole route. Nearly every house and store on the line was handsomely decorated with flags, streamers and bunting, and in the bright sunshine and clear September air made under the brilliant foliage of the maples a pageant that gave to the old town a fine holiday appearance.

## AT THE TOWN HALL

the officers, committee and guests occupied the platform, the Grand Army Post and municipal officers the reserved seats in front, and the hall, gallery and ante rooms were crowded with citizens, a majority of them ladies. The following programme neatly printed on stiff paper was distributed.

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 1635
 

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 1885
 

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## CELEBRATION

OF THE

# Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

OF THE

*Incorporation of Concord,*

SEPTEMBER 12, 1885.



PROGRAMME.

11

*PRAYER.*

REV. BENJAMIN REYNOLDS BULKELEY.

---

*GREETING.*

JOHN SHEPARD KEYES.

---

*SINGING.*

(By a Double Quartet from the church choirs.)

INVITATION, . . . . . *Kimball.*

---

*REPORT on the HISTORICAL TABLETS.*

CHARLES HOSMER WALCOTT.

---

*SINGING.*

PSALM 107, FROM THE BAY PSALM BOOK, 1640.

*Tune, St. Martin's.*

---

*ADDRESS.*

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR.

---

*SINGING.*

AMERICA, . . . By the whole audience.

## Historical Tablets.

On a panel cut in Egg Rock at the junction of the Rivers :

ON THE HILL NASHAWTUCK  
AT THE MEETING OF THE RIVERS  
AND ALONG THE BANKS  
LIVED THE INDIAN OWNERS OF  
MUSKETAQUID  
BEFORE THE WHITE MEN CAME

On a slate in the wall of the Hill Burying Ground :

ON THIS HILL  
THE SETTLERS OF CONCORD  
BUILT THEIR MEETING HOUSE  
NEAR WHICH THEY WERE BURIED  
ON THE SOUTHERN SLOPE OF THE RIDGE  
WERE THEIR DWELLINGS DURING  
THE FIRST WINTER  
BELOW IT THEY LAID OUT  
THEIR FIRST ROAD AND  
ON THE SUMMIT STOOD THE  
LIBERTY POLE OF THE REVOLUTION

On a bronze plate set in granite on Lowell St., near the Square

HERE IN THE HOUSE OF THE  
REVEREND PETER BULKELEY  
FIRST MINISTER AND ONE OF THE  
FOUNDERS OF THIS TOWN  
A BARGAIN WAS MADE WITH THE  
SQUAW SACHEM THE SAGAMORE TAIHATTAWAN  
AND OTHER INDIANS  
WHO THEN SOLD THEIR RIGHT IN  
THE SIX MILES SQUARE CALLED CONCORD  
TO THE ENGLISH PLANTERS  
AND GAVE THEM PEACEFUL POSSESSION  
OF THE LAND  
A. D. 1636.

On a panel in a stone west of the Three-Arch Bridge :

ON THIS FARM DWELT  
SIMON WILLARD  
ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF CONCORD  
WHO DID GOOD SERVICE FOR  
TOWN AND COLONY  
FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS

---

On a bronze plate set in granite on the west side of the Square :

NEAR THIS SPOT STOOD  
THE FIRST TOWN HOUSE  
USED FOR TOWN MEETINGS  
AND THE COUNTY COURTS  
1721-1794

---

On a stone by the road, northwest of the Minute-Man :

ON THIS FIELD  
THE MINUTE MEN AND MILITIA  
FORMED BEFORE MARCHING  
DOWN TO THE  
FIGHT AT THE BRIDGE

---

On a stone at the junction of the old Bedford and Boston roads :

MERIAM'S CORNER  
THE BRITISH TROOPS  
RETREATING FROM THE  
OLD NORTH BRIDGE  
WERE HERE ATTACKED IN FLANK  
BY THE MEN OF CONCORD  
AND NEIGHBORING TOWNS  
AND DRIVEN UNDER A HOT FIRE  
TO CHARLESTOWN

Promptly at eleven o'clock Chief Marshal BARRETT called the attention of the audience to the Prayer by the Rev. BENJAMIN R. BULKELEY, Chaplain of the day and minister of the oldest church in Concord formed by his ancestor the first settled minister Rev. PETER BULKELEY.

At the close of this exercise the President of the day, Hon. JOHN S. KEYES, (son of the Hon. JOHN KEYES who presided at the Bi-Centennial celebration in 1835), greeted the assembly.

Fellow Citizens:—For to-day, at least, you are all, by birth or adoption, citizens of Concord, the oldest inland town in the country, the earliest settlement above tide-water, the first battle-ground of the Revolution, the birth-place of American liberty; for if in Boston was the conception, and in Lexington the agonizing throes of deadly pain, here the blessed child was born.

To this memorable and venerable town, your old or your present home, you have come up to renew your affection, and to this sweet Concord its committee bids you a cordial, earnest welcome. Welcome to its pleasant homes, its shaded streets, its quiet rivers. Welcome to its scenes, where Emerson thought, and Hawthorne wrote, and Thoreau walked, and Alcott talked. Welcome to its fine library, its beautiful statue, its pure and flowing water, and if you stay long enough—*procul este*—to its peaceful cemetery.

Read and ponder over its historic tablets set up on this anniversary to remind the coming generations of the struggles of their forefathers.

These two hundred and fifty years cover nearly all of the history of America; take us back in thought to the unbroken forest and the Indian occupants of these meadows and hills. From Tahattawan, the Sagamore of Musketaguid, to Ralph Waldo Emerson, the seer and sage of Concord, is a long step in the world's progress. And yet two centuries which three lives might have spanned have seen these great changes. Dr. Bartlett, the old physician we all remember, had talked with the Centenarian, Dr. Holyoke, who had talked with Peregrine White, the first white child born in Plymouth.

For its first century Concord was a struggle for existence,—for its second century a business and political centre,—for the last half century literature and philosophy have been its leading traits. Fifty years ago to-day was heard here the first of those matchless addresses that have made Emerson's words and thoughts known wherever our mother tongue is read or spoken. It has proved the key-note of the Concord of this generation. At that time this town had no claim to any man of more than local distinction, could present no name known beyond the county limits. Within these fifty years how many have found here a "birthplace, a home or a grave" whose names are household words." The roll of the illustrious dead can be left to you to recall, and of the living some are in your presence.

On this anniversary naturally a comparison is made between the

Concord of to-day and of former days. Contrast its appearance then, you elders who have come back, and say in what respect there has been a failure of duty by her citizens in the past. Impress it now on your mind, you youths that so soon will have it in your keeping, and see to it that Concord gains in your hands new and added renown. Let us all then give for the past thanks, for the present a welcome, and for the future a cheer.

“Invitation” by KIMBALL was then rendered by the following double quartette from the church choirs: MRS. WILLIAM H. BROWN and Miss HATTIE E. CLARK, sopranos; MRS. GEO. A. KING and Miss EUGENIE HOUGHTON, altos; MR. WILLIAM BARRETT and MR. AUGUSTUS DAVIS, tenors; MR. THOMAS TODD and MR. CHARLES E. BROWN, basses; MRS. CHAS. E. BROWN, accompanist.

The presiding officer then said:

This town, having no pressing need of any great undertaking to be completed on this anniversary, voted to permanently mark the important events of its earlier history. The more recent are modestly left to our successors to decide what proves worthy of commemoration. The writer of the volume “Concord in the Colonial Period,” has increased our debt to him, by his labors in preparing and establishing these historic tablets. And of the places which he, as chairman of the Sub-Committee, and his associates have

“With graven stone  
And the enduring bronze,”

fittingly inscribed, we are now to hear CHARLES HOSMER WALCOTT.

## REPORT ON THE HISTORIC TABLETS.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

On this interesting anniversary, the Town of Concord aims to perpetuate upon its soil the names of the two men who were leaders in the enterprise of founding and building up the first inland town in Massachusetts, and to mark with lasting memorials of stone and bronze some of the places most closely associated with our early history.

Among the men whom the people of Concord delight to honor, Peter Bulkeley and Simon Wil-

lard are this day peculiarly entitled to grateful homage. The committee in order to avoid, so far as possible, comparisons of one benefactor with another, have not ventured, strictly speaking, to build monuments even to these deserving men, but this distinction, at least, is awarded them, that, with the exception of the Indian chiefs, no names except theirs are inscribed upon our tablets.

Few towns or cities on this continent have within their limits so much that is worthy of notice. Rich as we are in places hallowed by associations with eminent men and gifted women—places redolent of heroic action—to designate what shall be accounted, for all time, most worthy of grateful recollection, and to frame apt inscriptions that shall set forth in language simple, clear and accurate, the important facts, is to assume no light responsibility. This work the committee have endeavored faithfully to perform, and without betraying, it is hoped, any undue anxiety, they earnestly desire that the results may meet with the approval of the townspeople and their distinguished guests.

The tablets displayed to-day for your inspection are seven in number. The inscriptions are before you, and it is not necessary to repeat them. The historical thread that runs through them and joins them together is easily traced. Taken together, and in connection with the monuments that we already possessed, they form an epitome of the town's history for a century and a half—from the beginning of the plantation to the war of the revolution.

The old Indian, Jehoiakin, in his testimony



given and recorded in the year 1684, informs us "that about 50 years since he lived within the bounds of that place which is now called Concord at the foot of an hill named Nashawtick," and that he was present at the house of Mr. Peter Bulkeley, when the bargain was made between the Indians and the English planters. The simple words inscribed on the rugged face of the rock, where the rivers meet, will serve to remind us and succeeding generations of a people who have vanished from the face of the earth, leaving scarcely a trace of themselves, except a few arrow-heads and stone pestles, and, here and there, a mound or a heap of clam shells.

The land that was more especially the dwelling-place of these unfortunate people passed into the ownership of Simon Willard,<sup>1</sup> and we have thought it fitting to acknowledge the town's debt to him by inscribing his name in letters of stone upon the farm that he owned and occupied in Concord, before he took up his abode in Lancaster, in response to more urgent demands for his services.

Perhaps the most interesting of our memorials is the bronze plate set in red granite, on Lowell

(1) The following appears in the town records:

"Grantted to Simond Willard the South hill betwene the Rievers bounded one the north by the oxe pastuer, the lyne to go one rod beyond the tope of the hill at the uper end of his meadow one the weast syd of the south hill & so the lyne to runc in a straight lyne to the neerest pt of the North Riever & to the new fieldd fence to widow Barrits fence."

The context shows that this grant was made about the time that the bridge over the South River was built in accordance with the directions of the commissioners of Concord and Lancaster,—that is, between 1654 and 1656. It is a curious fact that, in Willard's deed to Marshall dated 1659, and in Marshall's dated 1660, the high land designated as "South Hill" in the town's grant was called "North Hill."

street, to mark the site of Mr. Peter Bulkeley's house, where the memorable interview took place between the white men and the Indians, and where, in the words of the witness mentioned above the "Indians declared themselves satisfied and told the Englishmen they were welcome." The monument stands on land described in 1661 by Grace Bulkeley, widow of the minister, as her "house lot and mill lot which is thirtie on acars." Recent excavations on the spot have disclosed fragments of old bricks and what appeared to be portions of a stone foundation. A few feet from the monument, within the memory of persons now living, there was an excavation or depression in ground that was commonly known as "the Bulkeley cellar-hole;" and in the History of Concord, published in 1835, Mr. Lemuel Shattuck indicates the spot as the site of Mr. Bulkeley's house. After a full consideration of all accessible evidence, the committee have been led to the belief that the statement of the town's historian is correct.

Scene worthy of an artist's canvas, that meeting of the two races at the minister's house. The Indians few in number, wasted by disease and poverty, and beginning to realize the bitter truth that the new day dawning in America could have no brightness for them; the Englishmen strong and keen, vigilant and hopeful, but just and considerate in all their actions,—the advanced guard of a splendid civilization. The wonder is, that this interesting event has so long escaped formal public recognition.

A slab of dark-blue slate imbedded in the wall

of the old burying-ground—"the hill neare the brooke" of the old record—points to the ridge that gave friendly shelter to the homeless settlers and determined the course of their first road. Once the site of the Puritan meeting house,<sup>1</sup> it received into its dumb bosom and still retains the secrets of unrecorded tragedies of forty years. In later times was borne upon its summit that prophecy of American independence—the liberty-pole of the Revolution.

On the Common or Training-field a stone has been placed to mark the site of the first town house, built in 1721, partly of materials furnished by the second meeting house.<sup>2</sup> Here, in provincial times, courts were held and the inhabitants came together in town meeting, until by reason of the heated discussions that immediately preceded the Revolution, the building proved unequal to the service required

<sup>1</sup> It appears from the town records that, under date of February 5, 1635-6, it was

"Ordered that the meeting house stand on the hill neare the brooke on the east side of goodman Judsons lott;" and

"Ordered that the highway under the hill thorough the Towne is to be left foure Rodes broad."

<sup>2</sup> On December 30, 1795 (Middlesex Deeds L. 119 f. 518) the Town of Concord conveyed to David Page "a certain piece of Common land lying in the middle of the town of Concord on which the old Court house now stands containing about twenty square rods of Ground and is bounded as follows viz, begining at the North westerly corner of the premisses at a stake in the ground seventeen feet from the easterly corner of the school-house and runing south seventy four degs. west forty seven feet to Doctor Timothy Minot's land to a stake, thence runing South seventeen degs. East, by land of said Minot, and land belonging to the County of Middlesex one hundred and twenty nine feet to a stake drove in the Ground, thence runing north seventy four degs. East forty five feet to a stake in the ground forty four feet from the northerly corner of Lt. John Richardson's house thence runing north fifteen degs. west one hundred & twenty nine feet to stake first mentioned—reserving the old Court house now on the premises."

of it; and subsequent gatherings in the venerable meeting house that stands facing the Green to-day gave evidence at once of the people's intensity of purpose and of their feeling that in the approaching struggle human efforts would grow weary and slacken, unless inspired from above. Our monument recognizes the historical value of the New England town meeting. It is appropriately erected in a town where that form of government by the people survives in all its original purity and excellence.

The logical interval is not great between the old town house on the common and the hill beyond the river, where a granite block is set to commemorate the forming of the minute men and militia, in preparation for the first aggressive, forward movement against the King's troops. That movement was the natural and necessary result of their votes and resolutions passed in town meeting. It was fitting that the smoke rising from the town house roof and plainly visible to the men on the hill, should give the signal for attacking the enemy.

After the collision at the old North Bridge, the opposing forces withdrew a little, to renew their strength and adjust themselves to the new state of affairs,—the British, to call in their detachments and withdraw from the town as quickly as possible,—the Americans to arouse the country and harass the invaders on their return. John Buttrick had taken upon himself to declare war against the British empire, and his countrymen were not slow to make known their intention to sustain his action. Their determination was manifested with effect by the attack on the retreating foe at Meriam's

Corner, where our seventh tablet is a boulder firmly set in the wall.

I now invite your attention to an ancient document recently found by me in the State Archives,<sup>1</sup> a paper that has never been printed, or alluded to by writers who have treated of the events of the 19th of April. Its great value, as it seems to me, consists in the fact that it supplies what has always been lacking in the accounts of the day,—a graphic sketch by an eye-witness of what was going on in the centre of Concord during its brief occupation by the enemy.

I read from a copy of a petition dated February 4, 1776, bearing the name of Martha Moulton, the old house-keeper of Master Timothy Minot and addressed

To The Honorable Court of the Province of the Massachusetts  
Bay in New England In their present session at Water-  
town

The Petition of Martha Moulton of Concord in s<sup>d</sup> Province  
Widow Woman.

Humbly sheweth

That on the 19th day of April 1775, In the forenoon The Town of Concord, wherein I dwell, was beset with an army of Regulars who, in a Hostile manner enter'd the Town and Draw'd up in Form before the Door of the house where I Live, and there they continu'd on the Green feeding their horses within five feet of the Door—and about 50 or 60 of them was in and out the house, calling for water & what they wanted, for about three hours at the same time all our near Neighbours In the greatest Consternation were Drawn off to places far from the thickest part of the Town, where I Live and had taken with them their Families & what of their best Effects they cou'd carry,—some to a neighbouring Wood, and others to remote

<sup>1</sup> Massachusetts Archives, Vol. 180, Page 306.

houses for security. Your Petitioner being Left to the mercy of six or seven hundred armed men and no person near but an old man of 85 years & myself 71 years old & both very Infirm—It may easily be Imagin'd what a sad condition y<sup>r</sup> Petit<sup>r</sup> must be in.

Under these circumstances y<sup>r</sup> Petit<sup>r</sup> Comitted herself, more Especially to the Divine protection and was very remarkably helpt with so much Fortitude of mind, as to wait on them as they call'd—with water & what we had—Chairs for Maj. Pit-carn & 4 or 5 more officers who sat at the Door Viewing their men at length y<sup>r</sup> Petit<sup>r</sup> had, by degrees cultivated so much favor as to talk a little with them—when all on a sudden They had set fire to the Great-Gun Carriages Just by the house and while they were in flames y<sup>r</sup> Petit<sup>r</sup> saw smoke arise out of the Town house higher than the Ridge of the house—Then y<sup>r</sup> Petit<sup>r</sup> did put her Life, as it were in her hand, and ventur'd to beg of the officers to send some of their men to put out the fire, but they took no notice, only sneered. Your Petit<sup>r</sup> seing the Town house on fire & must in a few minutes be past recovery Did yet venture to Expostulate with the officers Just by her as she stood with a pail of Water in her hand Begging of them to send It—when they only said—O mother we wont do you any harm Dont be concern'd mother—& such like talk. The house still burning and knowing that all the Row of 4 or 5 houses as well as the Schoolhouse was in Certain danger y<sup>r</sup> Petit<sup>r</sup> (not knowing but she might provoke them by her Incessant pleading—yet ventur'd to put as much strength to her arguments as an Importunate widow cou'd think of—And so y<sup>r</sup> Petit<sup>r</sup> can safely say that under Divine Providence she was an Instrument of saving the Court House and how many more is not certain from being consum'd—with a great deal of valuable furniture—and at the great Risque of her Life, at Last by one pail of water after another they sent and Did Extinguish the fire and now ,may it please this Hon'd Court, as several People of note in the Town have advis'd y<sup>r</sup> Petit<sup>r</sup> Thus to Inform the public of what she had done—and as no notice has been taken of her for the same—she begs Leave to Lay this her case before your honors and to Let this hon'd Court also know that y<sup>r</sup> Petit<sup>r</sup> is not only so Old as to be not able to earn wharewith to support herself—is very Poor and shall think her highly honor'd in

the Favorable notice of this Hon'd Court. as what y<sup>r</sup> Petit<sup>r</sup> has Done was of a Public as well as a private Good and as your honors are in a Public Capacity y<sup>r</sup> Petit<sup>r</sup> begs that it may not be taken ill In this way to ask in the most humble manner something—as a Fatherly Bounty—such as to your great wisdom & Compassion shall seem meet and your Petitioner, as in Duty bound For the peace & prosperity of this our American Israel, shall ever pray

MARTHA MOULTON

Concord

Feb. 4 1776

The Committee upon the forgoing Petition have attended that Service & beg leave to Report the following Resolve

In the House of Representatives May 8th 1776

Resolved that there be paid out of the Publick Treasury to James Barrat Esqr. the sum of three pounds for the use of Martha Moulton the Petitioner for her good Services in so boldly & successivly preventing the enemy from Burning the Town House in Concord as set forth in her Petition.

[Indorsed in the same handwriting as the petition.]

“For Mr  
Samuel Freeman  
att Falmouth,  
Present Clerk  
of the Hon<sup>l</sup> House  
of Representatives  
In  
Watertown.”

[In another handwriting.]

“Mr Kinsbury  
Mr Woodbridge  
Mr Bent.”  
“Martha Moulton’s  
Petition.”  
“Read May 8 & not  
accepted.”

The choir then sang the old 107th Psalm to the tune of St. Martin, each of the lines being deaconed in the old fashion before singing.

The President :

On hardly more than an acre of land on the main street of Concord, stood three houses from which have gone forth, in the last fifty years, five representatives to the Congress of the United States. Of these, one has been a member of the Cabinet, and one a Senator at Washington. *That* one, the youngest of them, connected by blood and lineage with the Declaration of Independence and the March through Georgia to the Sea, I have the honor of presenting to you now as the Orator of the Day.

In his native town, on this platform built of the oak of the Old North Bridge where his grandfather and the ancestors of many of you once

“Fired the shot heard round the world,”

his eloquence cannot fail to inspire and delight you. The Senator of Massachusetts, GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR.

## ADDRESS BY HON. GEORGE F. HOAR.

The story of Concord, the most noble, touching, and famous story that any community which now governs itself after the ancient fashion of a New England town has the right to tell, has been narrated by orators and historians with whom no successor will, for a moment, enter into competition. Some of you remember when the aged clergyman of the town, who, with his gray hairs and his mild authority, seemed the very genius of puritan and revolutionary Concord, at the end of a half-century's service, recounted to his congregation the wonderful dealing of God with his people who “here first planted the standard of the cross and of liberty.” Three years before, Edward Everett, then in his prime and splendor, traced the causes and the results of the events of the 19th of April, 1775. By his magic art, he caused his audience



to hear once more, after fifty years silence, the sound of the old New England drums beating on all the roads, and to see again, as in visible presence, the march to the bridge, and the flashing of the unintermitted fire that lined every patch of trees, every rock, every stream of water, every building, every stonewall, from Meriam's corner to Charlestown. Her own most illustrious son, the foremost teacher in his generation of both hemispheres, on the day of her second centennial, summed up for Concord the rich lessons of her history. In 1850, Mr. Rantoul delivered the masterly discourse which was his last great public service before his untimely death. Bancroft has compressed the result of investigations begun more than sixty years ago into that twenty-eighth chapter, which, if American liberty survive, shall outlast Thucydides. In 1875, the successor of Dr. Ripley, in a sermon inspired by the loftiest faith of the Fathers, showed that the Revolution was "the reverence for God's sovereignty and His righteous will enacted into law, and brought into martial array." After all this, what would have been impossible to almost any other living orator, in the presence of President Grant and his cabinet, the executives of many states, and a vast concourse of citizens, Mr. Curtis told again, with new and increased interest, the familiar tale which he had learned in Concord in his boyhood.

There is little left for us, to-day, but common-places;—and to thank the Power who hath so ordered our lot and our lineage that our common-places are such things as these.

It is difficult to tell the plain story of any New England town without seeming to be boastful. We will strive, in all we have to say on this occasion, to keep within the bounds of that moderation, which has always been so prominent a trait in the character of Concord. But still we must describe her as she appears to her children. We have a right to tell our mother on her birthday that we love her, and that her venerable face is fairer in our eyes than all the roses of girlhood.

The chief marvel which impresses us when we look at the Concord of two hundred and fifty years ago is the permanence of what our ancestors founded. Children of an adventurous race, born to build states, and to furnish the material of which states are builded, with the ancestral Norseman's hunger for sea and horizon and forest, dwellers on this sandy plain, in this bleak and savage climate, with no wall to keep them in, tempted in later generations by luxurious city and fertile west, how much of the original Concord, with its institutions, its character, its faith, its blood and breed, is here. Like the rest of the old thirty New England towns, from whom one third of the people of the United States are descended, it has given of itself to a thousand communities, all over the country. But, perhaps more than any other, it has assimilated and digested into its own likeness what has come to it from without.

We are celebrating the origin of a life which has been contemporary with a large part of what is remembered or is worth remembering in history. Fifteen years after the landing at Plymouth, five

years after John Winthrop came to Salem and founded Boston, civilization turned westward from the sea coast and planted its first footstep here. The men who came to Concord with Peter Bulkeley and Simon Willard had seen in England persons who, in their time had looked into the faces of men who were alive when Sebastian Cabot sailed into Bristol harbor with the news that he had planted the English flag on an unknown continent "larger than Christendom." They had seen men who remembered when the first Bible was printed, and the first Protestant sermon preached.

Before their day, how little had happened that comes down to us among the living realities of history. We have a knowledge, which we call historical, of one great empire, and that somewhat less in extent than our own. The roots of the English constitution and common law had been growing for some centuries in the soil of the little territory called England. The great reigns of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth had dispelled the darkness of the middle ages. All else of human history which has survived, which we teach our children, to which an educated man cares to look for instruction or example, is that of a single Asiatic people less in number than Massachusetts, a Grecian commonwealth smaller than Boston, two brilliant reigns in Spain, Holland behind her dikes, Switzerland on her chainless mountains, the brief glories of poetry and art of a few Italian cities, the brief struggles for liberty of a few towns by the northern sea. Pretty much every thing else of the earlier story of our planet has perished from among

living realities, and belongs to the domain of the antiquary or the archæologist, to be conjectured from ruins, or from fossilized bones, or broken pottery.

Concord was settled before any American town that does not touch tide-water. Her life has been longer than that of thirty-three of our thirty-eight states, and is about coeval with the other five. She is nearly twice and one half as old as the nation, and the constitution of Massachusetts. All modern literature since the death of Shakespeare, in whose lifetime our early settlers were born, all modern science, all modern invention, is since their day. The world had not heard of the law of gravitation, and had just heard, but not yet believed, that the earth moves and the blood circulates.

As I pointed out, — in speaking of the history of a portion of our original town last year, — since our fathers came here, the great empire of Russia and all the South American states have taken their place among civilized nations.

The mighty Germany,  
She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,

has been built up from sixty petty states. Six dynasties have held dominion in Spain. Four have sat in succession on the throne of England, while she has united with herself Ireland and Scotland, lost America, conquered Canada, and subjected two hundred and fifty million Asiatics. France has been twice a republic, twice a monarchy again, and now is a republic for the third time. Italy has shaken the armed heel of Austria from off her neck, has banished the Bourbons, and overthrown the

temporal power of the Pope. Belgium and Holland have been joined and severed. The star of Poland has disappeared from the sky. Japan has risen in the East, has thrown off her barbarism of ages, and come to sit docile at the feet of America, to learn civilization, laws, manners. Yet how much, in the great essentials of self-government, of character, of religious faith, of the love of liberty, is preserved of the Concord of 1635 in the Concord of to-day! The town our fathers planted is here, as little changed, in its two and a half centuries, as any other civilized community that has a history. The town and the parish abide as our fathers framed them. The simple and cheap mechanism, of which no man knows the contriver, has, without substantial change, here performed perfectly all the chief functions of government "in simple democratic majesty." The first church covenant, drawn up by Peter Bulkeley, would require little change, if any, to be accepted to-day, by a large majority of the people, as a rule of faith and practice.

I have now before me an original memorial, addressed to the General Court in 1664, twenty-nine years after the settlement. It bears the names of ninety-three of the inhabitants. It is the sure prophecy of the 19th of April, and of the Declaration of Independence. As soon as Charles II. was firmly seated on the throne, and the mitre and the crown had become omnipotent again, Lord Clarendon turned his attention to the subjugation of the little Commonwealth, where all the strength left to Puritanism seemed to dwell. "It may be pre-

sumed," he declared, "that they will harden in their constitution, and grow on nearer to a commonwealth, toward which they are already well-nigh ripened." He urged upon the King that "scarce any future accident or state of affairs can, in any probability, render the reduction of that doubtful people more feasible than at this point of time they may be found to be." At his suggestion, four ships of war, the first that ever dropped anchor in Massachusetts waters, and four hundred troops were despatched to Boston, conveying the royal commissioners, who were empowered to assume and exercise the fullest jurisdiction, civil, criminal, and military. The General Court, on their side, prepared themselves for the defence of their charter, put in order the trainbands, and placed an able officer in command of the Castle. I cannot here give the history of that memorable struggle, which the skill of the Puritan statesmen prolonged for twenty years. My purpose is to show the temper of Concord and the stable character of her population.

To the honoured generall Court of the Massachusetts Collonie, hold at Boston October ÷ 19 : 1664 : the humble representation of the Inhabitants of the Towne of Concord, both freemen and others.

Forasmuch as we understand, that there have been complaints made unto his Majestie, concerning divisions amongst us, and dissatisfaction about the present Government of this Colonie ; we whose names are underwritten doe hereby testifie our unanimous satisfaction in, and adhearing to, the present Government, soe longe, and orderly established, and our earnest desire of the Continuance thereof, and of all the libertys, and priviledges appertaining thereunto, which are Contained in the

Charter granted by King James, and King Charles the first of Blessed Memorie; under the encouragement, and security of which Charter, we or our fathers ventured over the Ocean, into this wilderness, through great hazzards, charges, and difficulties: And seeing our rightfull Sovereigne hath priviledged you with power by force of armes to defend this place and people (we having encouragement from the honoured Councill, cannot but acknowledge it a mercie of god, that you see minde the good and preservation of this place, and people, according to oath) we doe declare that we are readie to assist both with persons and estates, that see by the Goodness and mercy of god we may still enjoy present priviledges and remaine yours in all Humble observance.

Dr. Ripley says, truly, that "it was scarcely, if any, less adventurous, or perilous, in 1635, to come from Cambridge to Concord, than from Holland to Plymouth in 1620, or from England to Salem, seven or eight years afterwards." Yet the men who less than ~~twenty~~ years before had made that perilous journey by the Indian path, their little town still but an outpost, eleven years before Philip's war, with their sons, were girding up their loins again to defend with life, and everything that belonged to life, their precious plant of "the cross and of liberty." Of the ninety-three men who signed that paper two hundred and twenty-one years ago, there are fourteen whose descendants, bearing their names, live on the same land to-day. There are twenty-three others whose descendants of the same name dwell within what were then the limits of Concord. There are four others of whom the same is probably true. At least nine more are represented through female descendants. A few others have become extinct in Concord, quite lately. At

thirty

least fifty of the ninety-three signers of that paper are represented, I presume, in this assembly. Here are the names, honored now as then, which have made up so much of the character and history of Concord, and of the towns which have been set off from her, for two hundred and fifty years. It is headed by Thomas Brooks. Here is the sturdy Kentishman, Dolor Davis, ancestor of three Massachusetts governors,—Davis, Long, and Robinson,—a vine whose vintage, like the best wine, continues to improve with years. Here are Brooks, Browne, Fletcher, Flint, Hosmer, Stow, Hayward, Heywood, Wheeler, Hunt, Miles, Hoare, Taylor, Baker, Heald, Hartwell, Davis, Barrett, Rice, Wood, Merriam, Dudley, Jones, Ball, Dakin, Barker, Buttrick, Billings, Blood. I believe there are few English towns who could tell such a story.

A very few of the great mass of mankind impress you with a sense of their individuality. When you think of them it is not a vague human image, it is Napoleon, Washington, Webster, Fénelon, that rises in the imagination. Of the multitude of cities and towns whose names are preserved in history there are a very few that seem to be anything but an aggregate or society of men, distinguished by name or locality only from all the others belonging to the same region or country or century. As you go from state to state, or from district to district, one name, one country, one town is pretty much like another. But when Athens, or Edinburgh, or Boston is named, you have a conception of a separate life, a life like no other, with a quality of its own, like a face of Van



Dyke or a statue of Phidias, or a striking human character. The number of communities of this class is not large. But I think that by the general consent of all intelligent students of her history, Concord would be held to belong to it. The town was settled by men direct from England, chosen by Bulkeley to be his companions. The quality which he and they gave it, it retained. The name is commonly supposed to have come from the harmony of the compact with the Indians by which the title was acquired. But the record shows that this name was chosen before our ancestors came into the forest. It is doubtless due to the taste and gentle spirit of Bulkeley. You do not find in its history a trace of the fierce, cruel, haughty, intolerant temper, so often attributed to Puritanism, of which John Endicott is the type. It was the ideal Puritan community. No Quaker was whipped, no witch hung, no heretic banished. The persecution which had driven them from England, had left no bitterness which we can trace. "Bulkeley's Gospel Covenant," a book made up, he declares, of sermons delivered to his people, and received by them "with unanimous approbation and assent as the truth of God," exhibits in style and thought the best scholarship of the generation which translated the Bible in King James' version. Some of its passages, in their tenderness and loftiness, remind us of the most affectionate parts of the epistles of Paul. It breathes throughout the very spirit of grace, mercy, and peace. "O England! my deare native countrey," he exclaims, "whose wombe

bare me, whose breasts nourished me, and in whose armes I should desire to die, Give care to one of thy children which dearly loveth thee — Stirre up thyselfe with thankfulnesse and joy of heart to embrace the things of thy peace. Esteem the gospel as thy pearle, thy treasure, thy crowne, thy felicitye."

The aboriginal title to the land was honorably acquired and paid for. Major Willard and Thomas Flint, as well as their minister, were close friends of Eliot and Gookin, and exerted themselves to secure just and humane treatment for the Indian. Tahattawan, the sachem of Musketaquid, was one of the earliest converts, and remained steadfast until his death.

It was about a century from the death of the last of our early settlers who came from England to the breaking out of the Revolution. It is a century of New England life which has had too little regard either from local or general history. It had few great reputations. Mr. Webster's list of the great names of New England in 1720, at the end of its first century, is almost ludicrous for its poverty. But it was a wonderful century for the training of a great people. The whole hundred years was a romance full of stirring adventure. It was a life under arms. Capt. Wheeler's expedition to Brookfield in 1675 surpasses in interest any invention of Cooper. The three things from which comes the heroic temper, from which comes a race fitted for the most strenuous contests of war and statesmanship, capable of the great moral self-restraints, as needful to length of life and health in

a nation as temperance to that of the body, were the constant discipline of this people. These three things were, — war, straining to the utmost every resource of courage, endurance, and skill; — the century-long discussion of the natural rights of the people, their rights under the charter and British constitution, which lay at the foundation of the State; — and the constant consideration of the relation of man to his Creator and to the controlling law of duty. On the one hand were the French and Indians, a constant menace to the state whose frontier was never a day's march from Concord. On the other was the mighty power of England, where Stuart, Cromwell, Orange, Hanover alike looked with jealousy on the little self-governing commonwealth. There was scarcely a Concord family that had not some member killed, wounded, or a prisoner, or had not its own story of perilous adventure and escape. The town furnished many brave and able officers of high rank. What West Point education was ever like this military school! Every boy was a sharpshooter. The father told the children at the fireside the tale of Philip's war, of the burning of Lancaster and Groton, of the fight at Sudbury, of the escape of Mary Shepard, of the rescue of Mrs. Rowlandson, of Wheeler's desperate struggle, of Willard's coming to the deliverance of Brookfield at sundown, of the great French wars of William and Mary and Queen Anne, of Lovell's Fight, of Fort Edward, of William Henry, of Crown Point, of Martinique, of the Havana, of Louisburg, which our fathers captured with its own cannon, of Que-

bee, where at last the lilies went down before the lion, never again, but for a brief period in Louisiana, to float as an emblem of dominion over any part of North America. In all this the town did its full share. To every one of these things belongs a Concord story. These were the experiences not of wild and adventurous spirits, but of sober citizens, of church-members, and deacons. The old Indian fighter discoursed with his neighbor of the true boundary which separates liberty and authority in the state, of the principles of constitutional freedom, and the defence of his natural rights against king and parliament and royal governor. From the pulpit a succession of able and pious clergymen, such as for two hundred and fifty years have been the pride and crown of Concord, discoursed to an obedient congregation of their relations to their Creator, of duty, and of the things that lay hold on eternal life.

The first century and a half was but one long drill for the Revolution. So it is that the Power which planted the coal, and whose subtle chemistry gets ready the iron for the use of the new race, gets his children ready, that they shall not fail in that supremest hour when America is to be born.

There were three separate acts in that immortal drama of the 19th of April, — each unlike the other, each unlike any other. First was the death of Parker and Muzzey, and Munroe and Harrington, and their comrades, the first-born of American liberty, who fell on the green at Lexington, in the gray dawn of that April morning. Then comes the march to the bridge at Con-

cord, — John Buttrick's word of command, from which dates the separation from England and the liberty of a hemisphere; the shot heard round the world; the countenance of Isaac Davis, pleasant and unchanged in death; the irresolute march and countermarch of the British on the green; The retreat begun here, never ended till Yorktown. These things are living and real to us, as if we had seen them yesterday, and shall be living and real to our children and our children's children until time shall be no more.

Perhaps we do not rate as highly as it deserves the skill and courage shown in the third act of the drama, the long pursuit from Concord to Charlestown. One of the famous generals of our late war, a distinguished man of a distinguished family, told me a few months ago, that he had recently made a thorough military study of the events of the 19th of April, and that he has been very greatly impressed with the military ability shown by the Americans in the pursuit of the British on that occasion. It is a most dangerous and difficult thing successfully to pursue and attack a disciplined force, well armed, and protected by flanking guards. The events of that day are a test and a demonstration of the highest military quality in the people of a whole community, more than is found in many great battles.

I think there can be no reasonable doubt that the events of the 19th of April had been, as far as possible, expected and arranged beforehand. The notion that the breaking out of hostilities was an unpremeditated, unexpected, unprepared, sponta-

neous outbreak of the people, that a prairie fire caught and spread over the land, has prevailed largely in the popular mind, and has found countenance from some high authorities. Nothing is farther from the truth. The American Revolution was a war as clearly foreseen and as thoroughly prepared for to the extent of their power, by the party which prevailed, as any war in history. Military stores, such as their means permitted, were gathered, military forces organized and officered, and articles of war enacted, and the machinery, legislative and executive, of civil government created and put in order. When, on the 1st of September, 1774, Gen. Gage seized the powder belonging to the provinces on Mystic river, and two field-pieces at Cambridge, the militia of Worcester and Hampden counties began their march to Boston. Putnam heard of it in Connecticut, and summoned the militia there to take up arms. At least twenty thousand men were on the way. They were stopped by couriers from the Committee of Safety, who determined that the time for force had not yet come. Putnam wrote to them: "But for counter-intelligence, we should have had forty thousand men well equipped and ready to march this morning. Send a written express to the foreman of this committee when you have occasion for our martial assistance; we shall attend your summons, and shall glory in having a share in the honor of ridding our country of the yoke of tyranny, which our forefathers have not borne, neither will we; and we much desire you to keep a strict guard over the remainder of

your powder, for that must be the great means, under God, for the salvation of our country."

"How soon we may need your most effectual aid," answered the committee, "we cannot determine; but, agreeably to your wise proposal, we shall give you authentic intelligence on such contingency. The hour of vengeance comes lowering on: repress your ardor, but let us adjure you not to smother it."

When the September court met in Worcester in 1774 the main street was occupied by five thousand men, arranged under leaders, in companies, six deep.

Unquestionably the instant march to Concord of the minute-men and militia in companies, and the care not to begin the war by firing before they were fired upon was the result of a previous order from the authority which could send back to their homes, without an instant's hesitation, twenty thousand men, armed, and eager for the conflict. Col. Barrett's order not to fire unless fired upon was in strict accordance with the declaration of Eleazer Brooks, a member of the Provincial Congress, early in the morning, — "It will not do for us to begin the war."

Orators may be ready to adopt a theory as to the course of our history which attributes a magic influence to the weapon they wield, or gives an undue proportion to the elements and passions in human nature to which they appeal. Patrick Henry utters a passionate outcry, or Wendell Phillips a burning incentive, or some stirring event sends an electric shock through the land, and lo!

*W.C.*

the people overthrow a dynasty, or strike off the fetters from a race of slaves, and Liberty is born. This may be, for aught I know, human nature among Mussulman tribes or Parisian mobs. But it is not American nature; it is not Massachusetts nature; it is not Concord nature. The sturdy oak of American freedom has no such mushroom growth. The men who in their generation achieved American Independence, like their children, who in their generation preserved the Union and freed the slave, governed their action and measured their duty with the deliberation and calmness that became men who were to establish constitutions and men who were to preserve them. The habit of setting forth the law of religious and moral obligation in a written creed, and of looking for the limits and restraints of civil authority to a charter or written constitution and bill of rights, begets caution, exactness in reasoning, and dislike of exaggeration. Every step they took was premeditated, measured, firmly planted, and without a retreat. Their leaders were grave and temperate thinkers, aged and sober clergymen, statesmen prepared for making constitutions, and the great permanent systems of law that lie at the foundation of all society. They valued the old-fashioned virtue of consistency, and they practised the old-fashioned virtue of constancy. They detested and rebuked exaggeration. "The liberty they pursued," as Burke well said, "was a liberty from order, from virtue, from morals, from religion, and was neither hypocritically nor fanatically followed."



It has been often said that at the moment of John Buttrick's word of command American national life began; and that is true. The order was given to British subjects. The order was obeyed by American citizens. But it was also the germinant moment of a principle destined not merely to control a single state or nation, but sooner or later to pervade all civilized nations in both hemispheres. It is the principle not that men are to be governed, but that they are to govern themselves, under the restraints imposed by justice and reason. The great and crowning glory and distinction of humanity, the imposing, by itself upon itself, of a rule furnished by reason, tested and approved by conscience, controlling the inclination and the will, was thereafter to be the method of mankind in the conduct of states.

When we consider the grandeur and the vast consequences of the events of that day the local controversies to which they have given rise become inexpressibly trivial. There is glory and honor enough to go round. From within a radius of six or eight miles from this spot came all the men who encountered the invaders anywhere until they were well on their retreat. To Joseph Robinson, of Westford, is due the honor, rare in military history, of declining rank, but accepting in its fullest extent both danger and responsibility. The ball from the first hostile shot passed under his arm as he walked by the side of Buttrick. With that exception, the men from before whom the British retreated were from the towns embraced in the original Concord. The number of the slain is no

necessary test of the importance of a battle. The Englishmen lost at Agincourt but four gentlemen: —

None else of name; and of all other men  
But five and twenty.

Plassey, which gained India to England, cost the victors seven European and sixteen native soldiers killed, thirteen European and thirty-six natives wounded. The Americans lost but twenty-seven at New Orleans. There were more Englishmen slain on the retreat from Concord than fell of Wolfe's army who captured Quebec; more than were slain on the Greek side at Marathon. More men fell on both sides that day than at the first battle of Bull Run.

But all this is but a season of planting. The Puritan secured for his descendants the right to worship God, and the men of the Revolution the right to self-government. Whether these things were worth doing, or, at least, whether their children are not the last people who should relate their story, must be determined by a survey of later and more peaceful times. Mankind cannot always be submitted to tests like war and the founding of states. The glory of the founder is the finished building. The glory of the patriot is the country he has saved. Children's children are the crown of old men. The hundred years beginning in 1783, and just ended, must tell us whether it were not better that Bulkeley had stayed in the pleasant vales of Bedfordshire, and Simon Willard and James Hosmer in rich and fertile Kent.

We are as far from the Concord to which Emerson spoke in 1835 as that was from the Concord of the Revolution. The man or woman is now departed from among the living, or is past the Psalmist's allotted term of human life, who, a youth of twenty-one, listened in the venerable church to the sweet, rich tones of our beloved sage, as he spake to the congregation, adorned by those crowns of glory, the hoary heads of the survivors of the Revolution.

We can look, as with the eyes of posterity, upon more than half a century of the peaceful and quiet life of this community. The labor of the founders, the struggle with England, the crowning sacrifice and conflict of the Revolution, were but to win the right to be and to remain what Concord was in 1835, and has been since. It was as absolute a democracy, in the best sense of that word, as ever existed on the face of this earth. Mr. Emerson thought that "the town records should be printed and presented to the governments of Europe, — to the English nation as a thank-offering, and as a certificate of the progress of the Saxon race; to the continental nations as a lesson of humanity and love." "Tell them," he said, "the Union has twenty-four States, and Massachusetts is one. Tell them Massachusetts has three hundred towns, and Concord is one; that in Concord are five hundred ratable polls, and every one has an equal vote." But it was something far more than a political democracy. The most extreme and oppressive social distinctions often prevail under constitutions securing the most absolute political equality. The

relation of the neighbor, at its very best, existed here in that sense which Dr. Johnson gives as its signification in divinity: "One partaking of the same nature, and therefore entitled to good offices." There was little wealth and little poverty. There were no palaces and no hovels. I do not think it occurred to the richest man in town that he was thereby entitled to any superiority, or to the poorest that he must for that reason doff his hat to any man. When the people formed their procession for their centennial, if the little black girl were left alone, the beautiful favorite of the school-room took her place by her side. The towns-people who were well-to-do took an interest as in friends in the inmates of the poor-house, who, under the old settlement laws, must have had, by themselves or through their ancestors, some close relation to the town. This sense of social and personal equality was by no means inconsistent with a just regard for authority or personal character. Intellect and excellence were held at their proper rate, and received their due respect. The town was as early as any to insist on a high standard of public-school education for both sexes.

It is often said that the town meeting educated the people to self-government; that town meetings are to liberty what primary schools are to science: they bring it within the people's reach, they teach men how to use and how to enjoy it; and this is true. But the value of the New England town, the value of this town, in a most eminent degree, consists in something more than that. This value is in its *personality*. It is a being calculated to

excite the warmest human affection. In those nations of Europe where the national feeling is the strongest the wisest philosophers have observed and deplored the absence of a local public spirit. But here the town has always been the object of love and pride. The people of Concord cared for its honor and dignity as for that of their own household. In the days which some of us can remember the advent of a stranger put the town on its hospitality. If Kossuth or Lafayette were coming here, or our famous anniversary were to bring throngs of strangers, every individual felt a personal responsibility. In the great public charities for Greece, or for Ireland, or Hungary, or Kansas, Concord must not be suffered to be behind any other town, in proportion to her ability. The morals and manners of the people were pure and clean. I do not remember that there has ever been a murder or a social scandal, and scarcely one of the greater crimes. There was little of austerity in the life of the people. The farmers led happy and honest lives. The ever-old, ever-new romance of life went on. Lovers wooed and maidens were won. Children were born, and old age passed to the tomb. Our clergymen taught a rational and cheerful faith. Our fathers and mothers took into their own nature the peace of this beautiful landscape of river and meadow, and put of their own nature into the landscape.

Above all, while, like their fellow-men the round world over, they belonged to this world into which they were born, were no ascetics, took as they came the duties and the enjoyments and the trials of life,

they held to a very sincere religious faith in a supreme law of duty, and in a personal immortality. They believed in a future life, which just men were to enjoy with those they had loved here. The children laid their parents to sleep as those who were to awaken again. The wife parted from her husband, expecting to see his face after a time. The mother who lost her child believed that its tiny fingers should curl once more about her own. It was this hope's perpetual breath from which alone came to them, as to all healthy human society, every gift of noblest origin.

It is often said that these democracies, with their political and social dead level, may do very well for mankind in a condition of coarse and comfortable mediocrity. Men may eat and drink and die in them, with a certain gross physical contentment. But for letters and art, for the greater and nobler quality of chivalry and genius, for the respect due to authority, especially for the beauty and ornament of noble and gracious manners, we must look elsewhere. You need a throne, the fountain of honor, hereditary wealth, feeder of the arts which ennoble and beautify life, great old houses and family names, and old household gardens, for the rare plants of courtesy and high breeding to mature and blossom. Let us see. I think we need not altogether blush for our old Concord when these things are spoken of.

We shall perhaps find that the men who have come out from our farm-houses have been as ready for the great self-sacrifices of life; that country, honor, duty, have had a meaning for them also,

as for any Plantagenet or Howard. But how is it in respect of courtesy and good manners, not now using the words in their largest and best sense of manifestation of true kindness, but as denoting that beauty and grace of conduct and behavior that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman? I suppose perfect specimens of these manners are rare everywhere. Every generation speaks of them as gentlemen of the old school, each thereby confessing that it has not many of them to show of its own. How will the proportion of them here compare with that in other forms of society? I have been in my time a pretty diligent and hungry reader of the memoirs of Englishmen of rank and fame, illustrious in church or state, in law or letters. I confess I do not find many traces of such characters there. If English fiction, from Fielding and Smollett, down to Dickens and Thackeray and Trollope, draw a true portraiture, I should be sorry to have sent our young farmers to learn the graces of life from the gentlemen they describe.

There are many persons in this audience who remember the simple and grave courtesy of Nathan Brooks. Your elders have not forgotten another Concord man,—him of whom Emerson said that, “if one had met him in a cabin or forest, he must still seem a public man, answering as sovereign state to sovereign state; and might easily suggest Milton’s picture of John Bradshaw,—that “he was a consul from whom the fasces did not depart with the year, but in private seemed ever sitting in judgment on kings;” and “that he returned from courts or congresses to sit down, with unaltered humility, in the

church or in the town-house, on the plain wooden bench, where Honor came and sat down beside him." To meet Emerson himself was as if you had encountered one fresh from the council of the Greek Olympus. These men were not accidents. They were representatives—the best representatives perhaps, but still representatives—of a people from which they and their ancestors sprang, from which they derived their education, and in which they found example, guidance, and companionship. If it had been necessary for our little democracy to establish its own relations with any throne or court, it would not have lacked ambassadors; and it would have had no occasion to be ashamed of them.

For how many centuries has the world been moved to admiration and tears by the story of Sir Philip Sidney, the bright, consummate flower of English chivalry, who gave the cup of water, offered to his own dying lips to his dying comrade! It is the one story which brings the age of chivalry home to the apprehension of mankind. Yet, certainly, we should all of us have thought the action perfectly natural to George Prescott.

Concord was among the very earliest towns to provide a liberal education in classics and mathematics both in public and private schools. Both sexes pursued these studies together, and certainly for all the time for which I can speak, the girls were at the head of the classes. When the United States Centennial Committee, in 1876, desired that the biography of a woman from each of the old thirteen States should be written, to exhibit the highest



attainment of American womanhood for the first century of our national life, Sarah Ripley, a Concord woman by marriage and adoption, was selected as the representative of Massachusetts. She was one of the best scholars in the country in classics, in mathematics, in modern literature, English and Continental, and in natural history. She conducted some of her pupils through the entire college curriculum. Mr. Everett said of her that she was qualified to fill any professor's chair at Harvard. Rarely was a brighter or profounder intellect; never a sweeter or more gracious presence.

Tell me, tell me, have ye known  
Household charm more sweetly rare,  
Grace of woman ampler blown,  
Modesty more debonair,  
Younger heart with wit full grown?  
Native to famous wits,  
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,

Concord is known by her contribution to literature wherever the English language is spoken. The battle-ground itself has added glory in the eyes of the pilgrim, that it is hard by the home of Hawthorne. Our cemetery is not more hallowed by the sacred dust it preserves than by Mr. Channing's ode for its dedication, fit to be ranked with Sir John Davies' Poem of the Soul.

Rather to those ascents of being turn  
Where a ne'er setting sun illumines the year  
Eternal, and the incessant watch-fires burn  
Of unspent holiness and goodness clear.

Thoreau found in our woods the material for his reports of the habits of all animate and inanimate

nature, which are to those which science had given us before as the human character of a poet to the same man as described by an anatomist. Emerson, who held the loftiest place in literature of all men of his time, to whom Concord owes so much, would have been first to acknowledge his own debt to her. The biographer who would describe the "educational and social influences which helped to mould his character," or the qualities of race he inherited, has first to understand the character of Concord, and study the lives of generations of Concord men.

Eminence in the fine arts, for obvious reasons, is not to be expected of a people situated as we were for our first two hundred years. But it is pleasant to hear that a young man, descended from that race of Puritan clergymen who have so honored the town in every generation, is taking high rank as a painter in Paris. When we see, standing by the North Bridge, one of the very few American statues that are alive, we are glad to remember that we had not to go abroad for the sculptor, and to think that Concord has given proof that the genius of American Democracy is not incapable of adding this ornament and beauty also to the State.

In speaking of the town as a separate municipal and social life we do not forget that it is but a part of a larger life, in which it lives, and moves, and has its being. The Commonwealth and the country surround us like the air. What would be left of Concord, if, inhabited by the same men, and with all physical conditions unchanged, she had been other than a Massachusetts town, is harder to answer than Sir Thomas Browne's famous ques-

tion, — "What song the sirens sang." But she has given as well as received. Certainly she has not failed in her contribution to the glory of Massachusetts in every generation. When it was the glory of Massachusetts to redeem the continent from the savage, and to found an empire, the men of Concord led the way into the forest. When it was the glory of Massachusetts to lead in winning American liberty from the power of England, it was a Concord voice that gave the word. When it was the glory of Massachusetts to give to mankind the example of a model self-governing commonwealth in peace, Concord was a model town. When it was the glory of Massachusetts to adorn herself with her garland of men of genius, poets, philosophers, orators, Concord furnished the brightest flowers in that wreath.

But the test was still to come which should determine whether eighty years of peace, whether church and common school, and town meeting could train the youth of Concord in the comfort and luxury of modern homes to a heroism like that which grew up of old in the forest and in the Indian war. On the 19th of April, 1861, on the old historic day, the first Concord soldiers left home for the defence of Washington. The town had already taken an influential part in inaugurating the great political revolution which achieved the freedom of the slave. When the party was formed in 1848 to prevent the extension of slavery into the territories, the call issued from Concord; a Concord man presided at its first State convention, and, by a singular coincidence, natives of Concord

presided at its first great meetings in Lowell and in Worcester, and took a leading part in that in Boston.

The soldiers of Concord went to the war fully understanding its issues. They knew what they were fighting for. The spirit of Capt. Charles Miles of the Revolution, who was wounded in the pursuit of the British, who told Dr. Ripley "that he went to the services of that day with the same seriousness and acknowledgment of God that he carried to church," was still the spirit of the later generation. What one of them said of their brave Col. Prescott was true, as a general description, of all: "A more moral man, or one more likely to enter the kingdom of heaven, cannot be found in the army of the Potomac. He did not fight for glory, honor, or money, but because he thought it his duty."

I have not the time to enter upon the detail of that honorable and pathetic history. It is not necessary. As a son of Concord, there is nothing I could desire to have added to the complete and noble eloquence which expressed her gratitude to her soldiers in the recent war when the soldiers' monument was dedicated. The citizens who then uttered the voice of the town were careful to disclaim any peculiarity or monopoly of merit. The town furnished more than her quota of men, her full proportion of all other contributions, and her spirit never flinched or quailed till the war was over. There is no record of dishonor. If the people everywhere did as well, her comfort and contentment, her pride and glory, her

joy and reward, must be found in the fact that she was one of the earliest examples of that democracy which at last raised a whole people to that "democratic dead level," ay! rather to that living level, that lofty table-land of patriotism and virtue.

The secret of the history of Concord has been the connection of her generations with each other. Each has held by the hand of that which went before it, needing no better examples, seeking no better teachers. The spirit of the fathers has descended to the children. The youth of 1861 felt the electric thrill from the men of 1635 and the men of the Revolution.

Our own generation will soon join those whose deeds we affectionately celebrate, and this assembly sleep by the side of the congregations who listened to the Bulkeleys, to Bliss, to Emerson, or to Ripley. The hospitable soil which has received the dust of our fathers is ready to open for us also. We shall account it one of the chief blessings and privileges of existence—better than wealth, better than noble or royal blood—to have had such men for our ancestors, our kindred, our neighbors and townsmen;—to have been part of this pure and beautiful life, sprung from the marriage, in these forest glades, of the spirit of religion and the spirit of liberty.

It is in no temper of vainglory that we would remember our fathers. It is rather as feeling, and as handing down to our children, a great burden, demanding, when occasions come, great and strenuous exertions of sacrifice and duty.

Farthest possible from vanity and false pride is

that temper which the Greek ascribed to his people "who thought themselves worthy of great things, being in truth worthy." If our children are to sustain the great burdens of freedom and self-government in their turn without dishonor, they will be helped and strengthened as they remember that they are of the blood of the invincible men of old.

It may be that the separate municipal and social life which has given this town her character and history is about to come to an end; that this little river is about to lose itself in the sea; that the neighboring city will overflow her borders, or that railroad and telegraph and telephone will mingle her elements inextricably with the great mass of American life. I do not believe it. I think the town will preserve for a long and indefinite future her ancient and distinct quality. But however this shall be, the lives of our fathers will not be lost. The town will have made her impression upon America herself. Among the memorable figures in history shall be that of dear, wise, brave, tender, gentle old Concord, — she who broke the path into the forest, — she who delivered her brave blow between the eyes of England, — she by whose fireside the rich and the poor sat together as equals, — she whose children made her famous by eloquence, by sculpture, and by song.

The Exercises ended by the audience singing "America," in full chorus.

The procession then re-formed—the several organizations having partaken of a collation in the Court House while the addresses were made in the hall—and marched to the Agricultural Building on the Fair Grounds.

## THE DINNER,

provided by T. D. Cook of Boston, was served in the upper hall that accommodated over six hundred persons at the tables. These were arranged across the hall with the platform in the centre facing the length of the tables, eighteen in number. At the head of each table a member of the Committee sat acting as a Vice President.

On the platform at the right of the President were seated Governor ROBINSON, Senator HOAR, Chaplain BULKELEY, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, EDWARD W. EMERSON, HAPGOOD WRIGHT and Rev. H. M. GROUT. On the left Hons. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, E. R. HOAR, WILLIAM M. EVARTS, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Rev. GEORGE H. HOSMER, SAMUEL HOAR and HENRY J. HOSMER.

The time taken in seating the large number of ticket holders, many of them ladies, was well occupied in viewing the elaborate decorations of the dining hall. These were arranged under the direction of DANIEL C. FRENCH, the artist of the Minute Man, and were rare and beautiful. The west window, through which the afternoon sun brought out vividly a striking figure of the first settler Simon Willard in his quaint puritan costume, was so well executed that it was hard to believe it was not stained glass. Shields bearing names held in high honor in the town. EMERSON, HAWTHORNE, THOREAU, HOAR, BUTTRICK, PRESCOTT, RIPLEY, BULKELEY were interspersed among the flags and banners along the walls. Over the speakers was an artistic design appropriate to the occasion, and allegorical of the stages of developement of the town's history. Through the open windows spread out the hills and meadows along the river, glowing with autumnal color, making within and without "a fair prospect."

At half-past two P. M., the Chief Marshal rapped for silence, when the Chaplain asked a blessing. Then a half hour was devoted to an appetizing dinner, and after the coffee was served and the waiters had left the hall, the President of the Day said :

*Concordians, neighbors, friends :*

It is my pleasant duty to invite your attention to this rare feast of rich eloquence you see spread before you, and like Shakespeare's receipt for rare cooking "If 'twere done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly," not to detain you by any words of mine. Except to say (privately in your ear) that if in the excitement of such an occasion, there should slip out inadvertently a word not quite consistent with the well-known modesty and humility so characteristic of Concord, you will pardon it and receive it in a Pickwickian sense, and not as sober earnest.

Of course this morning at that public gathering we were on parade, and that was something 'entirely different' from this family dinner. The Orator of the Day told us such a flattering tale that if we were not plain, common-sense folk, we might be set up with our importance, and imagine that Concord was the "hub," that New

that "England harbored not her peer,"

and believe "The spacious North  
Exists to draw her virtues forth."

"Thy summer voice Musketaquid  
Repeats the music of the rain.  
They lose their grief who hear his song,  
And where he winds is the day of days."

But this is poetry. The prose fact is that we are,

"Content with these poor fields,  
Low, open meads, slender and sluggish streams.  
And found a home in haunts which others scorned.  
Beneath low hills, in the broad interval  
Here in pine houses built . . . the farmers dwell.  
Traveller to thee, perchance, a tedious road,  
Or, it may be, a picture."

and we are

"Not vain, sour, or frivolous,  
Not mad, athirst, or garrulous.  
Grave, chaste, contented though retired."

Introducing the Governor, the presiding officer said :

To-day Concord proposes to be worthy of her name. All is to be 'peace and good will.' Forgetting her old rivalry with Lexington, she greets the Governor of the State, although he was born there, not here. Yet, as his mother was a Concord Lady, and he is not responsible for the place of his birth, we claim our share of him. As the descendant of Dolor Davis, one of our first settlers, and the ancestor of three Governors of Massachusetts, John Davis, John Davis Long, and our guest, the present chief magistrate of the commonwealth, whom I now present to you as most worthy of his line of ancestors and predecessors, His Excellency,

GEORGE DEXTER ROBINSON.



## GOVERNOR ROBINSON'S SPEECH.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Descendants of Old Concord : There was no strife or rivalry between the people of Concord and Lexington when danger was in the front. And never was the question raised as to priority of honor until the people were born who shouldered no musket in 1775. There is glory enough for all and each. When we come into the presence of advanced years, we bow our heads in great respect, taking up the lesson that comes out of a long and marked life. So we stand here to-day in the presence of two hundred and fifty years drawn up to the present hour in the results that are impressed upon our appreciation now. How happy a thing it is, and how much of a relief to one who is charged with saying a few words, that he can come here now and recognize real age. The Governor has oftentimes to meet with towns that are only one hundred years old. It is pleasant, too, when we reflect that our fathers must have foreseen into the future much farther than we had ever given them credit for. What but the great wisdom that planted the township here in 1635, what but that rare wisdom that penetrated what seemed to be beyond human ken, could have been so considerate as to have caused Governor Haynes and the general court in 1635 to incorporate this town right in the month of September, when over nature's fields, the tints are painted on the autumnal leaf and the rich crops are ready to drop into the hands of the husband-man ? How beautiful it was that they have foreseen (surely we will all believe it to-day) this beautiful-beyond-description weather that entrances us and delights us all ! And they knew that two hundred and fifty years hence we should sit down under this glorious sun and clear sky, and think of their bright and glorious deeds. And it is, too, pleasant that they foresaw it in this year, 1635, it may be (at any rate we will hope so) this time, when, for some reason that shall be here and now unexplainable, the commonwealth should have a chief magistrate who should stand upon this platform to speak for her, in whose veins should flow a joint current of blood from Lexington and Concord, uniting in one grand force the power of patriotic devotion to America.

It is always a pleasure to respond, Mr. President, to the courtesies of such an occasion as this ; to accept the greeting

which is extended to our good old State that we love so well. Wherever the people congregate to consider

#### THE ANCIENT SETTLEMENT

of our ancient municipalities, wherever from far and near they gather to talk over the associations of home, to look down into each others eyes and souls and see all the past, the riches that are in human nature, wherever they come together and deal with those things that lie up nearest and dearest to all, there, surely is the vital spirit of our commonwealth ever present, finding the best expression of her freedom and her life. It is like our good old New England festival, celebrated annually in every home circle, bringing the child and the parent, kith and kin together, as they live over what is so much a treasure. No one, except he were of Concord origin, could measure the satisfaction and the feeling that have filled me yesterday and to-day. The old streets, the old cemetery, the inscriptions upon the tombstones, the faces here and now, the lineaments that stand out before me, telling of ancestors that I knew a few years ago, all these come up to intensify my delight and to strengthen my impressions. Indeed, my recollection takes me back (I dare to say it) upwards of forty years, when as a boy, I knew the ways, and the hills and the vales, and the streams of this town. I was associated with many that have remained here and others that are gone, and I knew all the choice, and sweet, and sacred spots. The old river was not unfamiliar. I wandered up and down its banks many a time, and, judging by results, I can assure you that the same fish swim there to-day that were there on those occasions, for I never had any success at all in tempting them to yield to my offerings.

The earliest settlers, we must believe could not have fully anticipated what has resulted. They worked with the highest ideal in view, but we can hardly fancy that the men who founded this town in 1635 saw with unerring certainty that would fall here the signal distinction that came in 1775. Patriotism was not confined to this town. It spread everywhere.

There were other hills, and other rivers, and other bridges, and other ways; and none but divine knowledge could have known that it would come here by this stream, in this town of Concord. It is not the old North bridge that makes this town of Concord justly famous. Down through the Locrian moun-

tains ran the defile of Thermopylæ. It would have remained unknown in history, without even a mention of recognition had not three hundred brave souls gone down there for Lacedæmon's cause. Bridges everywhere, streams numerous, the North bridge not significant, but the manhood that stood on the bridge and stemmed the tide of British aggression and turned back the onset in victory was peculiar to that time. The old bridge has disappeared to us; the traveller sees it no more. He loves to know that its planks have passed into the foundation work of the platform in the town hall. He knows that the shot was heard round the world. But more; the impulse went everywhere, and wherever the oppressed recognized it, there came confidence and courage and encouragement. Our independence was surely not the work of a year or of a decade. The work, the process, commenced with the first settlement. More than a century passed while this movement was proceeding to its unerring result. The church, the schoolhouse, the town meeting were educating the people to know, not only that it was their right to be free, but were inspiring them with the heroism that would dare, in the future, to declare that independence. So surely, under God's providence, was the power implanted in the people that should strike down oppression. Said the great inventor Stephenson, to the dean of Westminster, "What impels that locomotive engine?" "Why, sir, steam of course." "No," said Stephenson, "It is the sunbeam God sent into the flowers." The great drama was prepared and rehearsed in Concord from 1635 to 1775, and then the first act was opened here in the presence and with the knowledge of the civilized world, and the curtain was not rung down at the close until Yorktown came and America was free forever.

Standing here to-day, we may look with trembling and anxiety in our imaginings of what the future shall be. We can safely trust the past. We know that in the early days Congress sat here, choosing John Hancock to the presidency. We do not fail to remember that Harvard College for a time found its home in this town. And though it may be that in the later years Harvard has gone to her permanent establishment in the city where she was first located, yet, wherever literature, and science, and statesmanship, and poetry, and romance, and philosophy are considered, there shall be told

## THE NAME OF CONCORD.

And though Congress comes no longer here, Concord's sons are in the great Congress of the nation, expressing her intelligence and her power. If it be so in the future, we need have no anxiety or apprehension for what shall come.

“We can bear to the future,  
No greater than to us the past hath brought;  
Faith to the lowliest duty,  
Truth to the loftiest thought.”

And as we look back only a few years—as we look back to the work that was done from 1861 to 1885, when we see that Concord blood and Concord courage and Concord patriotism failed not then in the nation's emergency, we know that, whatever may betide, so long as the schoolhouse, the church, and religion and integrity shall stand, there shall yet be a Grand Army of the Republic that will take care that the nation shall live.

Now, the strength of this community, in my judgment, has resided in the strength of the people individually. There is the secret of power. And this town is strong, because it maintains with jealous care its original methods and ways. Honesty in public affairs, decency in public and private life, good, open hearted manhood and womanhood are not out of fashion in Concord. And so long as you keep those powers in the majority, so long the influence that shall go out from here will be immeasurable. Concord will retain the greater strength the longer she remains a town. It may be fashionable to court the ways and methods of a city, but, bear with me, the true, underlying principle that holds our government firmly is self-control, and there is no better democracy under God's sun than that found in the New England town meeting, where each man meets his fellow, exchanges his thoughts, and puts his voice and his vote on the side with his judgment. Knowing that you are all far advanced in years to-day, and that you tire more easily than you would have two hundred and fifty years ago, I must forbear to vex your ears and weary your patience longer. There are gentlemen that have not only entranced America, but the whole world. We welcome them here—you, Mr. President, only for Concord—I, for Massachusetts, and I speak out of the impulse

of the generosity, not only of two towns that I always carry with me but the whole commonwealth that for the time being is intrusted to my care. Though we will not be at the next quarter-millennium we may, perhaps, keep our influence strong, so that the town shall be here, and so that the state may then come up here with as just pride as she comes now to give the happiest greeting and to express satisfaction at the accomplishments of the past.

The President :

There is one presence here, without which no Concord celebration could be complete. He has carried this town on his shoulders for more than a generation. He has honored it, and every station to which he has been called,—at the bar, on the bench, in Congress, in the Cabinet and in the diplomatic commission. At home his influence has been such that it has been irreverently said, that when he snuffed all Concord sneezed. Be that as it may, when he speaks all Concord delights to listen. Perhaps he will tell us something he remembers of our second Centennial, fifty years ago, *our Judge*,

EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR.

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## JUDGE HOAR'S REMARKS.

Mr. President, such an introduction is unkind of you, but I will not allow any feeling of unkindness to enter my mind upon this occasion. I think it is undoubtedly true that most of the Concord people present would have a little doubt of the identity of the town, on any public occasion, if they did not have a little dreary talk from me. To-day I have neither of the qualities which make a public speaker. The first quality of a public speaker is legs, and mine are sadly deficient. The other is that he shall have something to say, and in that I am totally deficient, except that the President has expressed a wish that I should say something to you about our second Centennial, and with that wish I will endeavor to comply. I was present at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town. I had recently graduated from college and was remaining in Concord, a week, to attend that celebration, before I should enter upon my life's work by commencing it as a school-master in western Pennsylvania. I remember very distinctly all that occurred then, and the Concord that was then

here. I belong, I think, in some degree, to the Concord of the minister and the meeting house, the Concord all of whose citizens were of the same race and generally of the same way of thinking, except as their judgments might differ at times on public questions : and there has been a very great change since that time. I am inclined to think, however, with the Orator of the Day, that the digestion of Concord is equal to the meal which has been laid before it.

There have been two great influences at work upon our town during the last fifty years. One is the railroad. This influence has been not only that which the enterprise itself has exerted upon the town, but it has also been felt in the persons of the poor men who came here to aid in the construction of the railroad, who were obliged to work at starvation wages, and who were received with such an unbounded hospitality and compassion by our people, that great numbers of them were induced to settle here. It is probable that our population now includes 1000 or 1500 of that race, who by reason of the education received in our common schools and through the associations existing between them and the old inhabitants, are fast becoming valuable members of our community.

That railroad had another effect. It made Concord nearer to Boston. Well, that to some extent, might be considered an advantage, because it afforded people a rather more rapid means of reaching here than they had before enjoyed. But it had the tendency to attract to our town persons who merely came here as to a pleasant place in which to live,—whose concerns were elsewhere, and whose amusements, associations, and friends, were very largely in the city. I do not think *that* was an advantage to Concord and it is one of the things we need to consider.

The Concord that I knew in my boyhood was an extremely *self-respecting* community. We thought that it would do just as much good to the people of the city, or of anywhere else, to know what *we* thought, as for us to know what they thought. And, as I remember the collection of our substantial citizens, at the post office in the morning, and their comment and conversation on public affairs, I find that trait very conspicuously present, as it had been all through the town's history. I remember an excellent Democratic selectman of this town, who

went to Washington for the first time, and who had great respect for the country and its government and the members of Congress. He also had some respect for himself, and was accustomed to be treated with respect by others. When he returned from Washington, he said he was shocked with the actions of the members of Congress. "Why," said he "they came into the hotel where I put up, they went up to the bar, they drank and they *swore* right before *me*." Now that is a thorough specimen of a Concord quality which I value, and which I should like to preserve and perpetuate.

I hope that we are not going to become a suburb of the city. We should remember that our part in the state is as important as any other. In the presence of others, our opinions should be expressed with modesty, and caution, and reflection, but still we are entitled to be heard.

The other great influence which has been exerted upon this town during the last fifty years, is, in my judgment, the presence of Mr. Emerson as a resident in it. Yet, while we know that his presence has been the education of the town, while we know that he has been the inspirer of the town on all occasions no less than his grandfather, who saw the fight from the North Bridge, while we know that in every struggle for freedom, for education, or for any other good cause he has always been found in the front of the battle as our leader,—still, *that* has not been without its disadvantages; for I think the presence of Mr. Emerson has not been wholly serviceable, as perhaps *no* good gift of God *ever is*. He brought, and his fame has tended somewhat to bring to our town what has been called his "menagerie;" and to a quiet Concord person of the plain old-fashioned type, the presence, frequently grotesque, is not always absolutely admirable. Undoubtedly Mr. Emerson, who was one of our most hospitable citizens and one of the most attractive of men, has brought here many worthy and excellent persons who shared his spirit and his purpose. But also we have had all manner of imitators; and occasionally a Concord person, when he is away from home hears scoffing remarks made by people who do not consider that we are responsible for neither the Reformatory at one end of the town, nor for *all* the attendants at the School of Philosophy at the other.

I am going to mention two things which I think are creditable to the town and the benefit of which I like to extend to our neighbors whenever possible ; and I think of them, because we are entitled to do so with complacency.

One thing, is the example which Concord has set to other towns,—and to the cities,—as regards the non-partisan administration of town affairs. I think we are partly indebted to the anti-slavery movement for this. There was in this town, in 1848, while the old Whig and Democratic party existed, the Free-Soil movement, which was composed of a part of each of these other parties ; and the three parties were frequently about equally balanced in the town. The result was, that we set about having no political division in regard to our town affairs ; and from 1848 up to the present time,—while before that date, we used to have just as hard a contest in the election of a selectman as we would were we electing a president of the United States, and about as bitter a one sometimes,—we have not had any division, and have elected our town officers quietly, taking the best of our citizens for them that we could get to serve, and always taking care to have the minority represented as far as they had any political duties. I think that this is something which the cities and any other towns that have not done the same thing should do. I hope a great many Massachusetts towns *have* done so.

Then there is one other debt which the country owes to Concord, which is entitled to recognition, and which is of a practical character. *There* are two bunches of Concord grapes. (Exhibiting the bunches.) *That* is what it can do when it tries (exhibiting a very handsome bunch) and very abundantly it does when it goes into other parts of the country. That grape was originated by the experiments of a citizen of Concord, Mr. Bull, and it has extended from North Carolina to the Pacific, all over the northern section of the country, and a friend of mine found it on the table of a hotel in northern Italy where the phylloxera had spoiled the native grape. The Concord grape, is perhaps the greatest horticultural benefit that has been conferred on the country during these fifty years. Having shown you the grape as it ought to be seen, and as it appears when it tries what it can do, I will say that *there* are a couple of bunches (exhibiting a smaller specimen than the last) which

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grew on the original vine, which still stands in bearing condition, though in bad shape, owing to the fact that so many cuttings have been made from it for propagation.

I think that our people have kept quietly about their business, have endeavored to make the world better, and are to be commended for that: and it shocks our modesty to be commended for anything else than good intentions and a faithful performance of what we can find to do.

The President :

*Poeta nascitur non fit.* But if ever there was a fit, it was when our genuine Yankee poet went ambassador to England. More than a century ago, there was an unpleasantness here with some Englishmen, some traditions and memorials of which still exist in our village. The memory of this was so strong in my boyhood, that when a military company in scarlet uniform came to this town on a tour of duty, the leading citizens held a conference to secure them from insult, so great was the feeling of hatred at the sight of a red coat. We have got over all that now, especially since we got so much the better of the English through our minister to London, who could teach them their own literature, who could eulogize their own poets and more eloquently use their own language, and who accomplished what we all hope and what I think we shall find to be the case: namely that the Puritan came out ahead to-day and always.

We congratulate that gentleman, our guest, on his successful mission, and we fondly hope that in his great renown he will spare us a little leaf of his laurels, in memory of his youthful residence and of Concord Bridge and John Bull's run. Indeed, we almost dare to think his victory over England was in part owing to his early reading and fine rendering of the old fight—that he knew

“What earthquake rifts would shoot and run  
World-wide from that short April fray.”

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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## MR. LOWELL'S SPEECH.

*Mr. President, your Excellency, Ladies and Gentlemen:—*

Although Governor Robinson supposed so much of foresight in the men of 1635 as to have credited them with foreseeing us sitting here at these tables, yet had they done so, they would never have foreseen me making a speech here on this occasion: for I came over here under a misapprehension. I was

misled by my dear old friend on my left (turning to Judge Hoar) into the supposition that nothing would be expected of me. He now tells me that what he meant was, that I should not be expected to deliver a poem, as if I kept poetry always on tap. If I had known what was expected of me, if I had known that there would be so much eloquence in addition to the admirable oration we have heard this morning, I should have come with a pocket-full of impromptus; but as it is, you will get rid of me sooner than you might otherwise have reasonably expected.

I am reminded in rising here of an adventure which connects me with the town of Concord; for being neither a Lexington nor a Concord man, I am in some doubt under what title I appear here to-day. I am not an adopted son of Concord. I cannot call myself *that*. But I can say, perhaps, that under the old fashion which still existed when I was young, I was "bound out" to Concord for a period of time; and I must say that she treated me very kindly. In other words, I was, during a period of my senior year in college, forty-seven years ago, *rusticated* in Concord. I look back upon it as one of the most fortunate events of my life. I am quite serious in saying so. I then, for the first time, made the acquaintance of Mr. Emerson, of whom Judge Hoar has so fitly spoken; and I still recall with a kind of pathos, as Dante did that of his old teacher Brunetto Latini, "*La cara e buona imagine paterna*," "The dear and good paternal image," which he showed me here; and I can also finish the quotation and say "And shows me how man makes himself eternal." I remember he was so kind to me—I, rather a flighty and exceedingly youthful boy,—as to take me with him on some of his walks, particularly a walk to the Cliffs which I shall never forget. And perhaps this feeling of gratitude which I have to Concord gives me some sort of claim to appear here to-day.

But I can easily find another one. Although the orator dwelt to-day in perfectly fitting terms on the deliberate courage of the men who marched down to the Bridge, and although I was particularly struck with what he said of one of them,—that is, that he said that he went into battle as he went to church,—I could not help thinking of the motto of our State, which, omitting the minatory half of the quotation, shows that

our ancestors made war only (considering war in itself a bad thing) to attain a specific object, and, that that object attained, were willing to sit down under their own grape and fig tree; and finer grapes, I may say, have never been grown. You remember the motto, "Euse petit placidam sub libertate quietem." It is familiar to you all. But it has always struck me that they omitted the "Manus hæc inimica tyrannis," which constitutes the threat. Although the men who went down to that bridge that morning, as Mr. Hoar told us to-day, went there, as he thinks, with a more far reaching purpose in their minds and with more preparation than some of us would be willing to allow, yet certainly the results that flowed from that day were more momentous than anybody could have expected. What was said by one of the chiefs on that day (I believe it is disputed which), "that no man has a right to stop us from marching across our own bridge," I think is as good a declaration of independence as I ever heard; but whether the men who marched on to that bridge knew where it was leading them, I think is questionable. It was over that bridge that the town meeting, that *democracy*, in short, in its purest and most beautiful form, marched on to the field of cosmopolitan politics. It was a most eventful day.

But one title I have, perhaps, for saying a few words to you to-day: and that is, the connection which Concord has with literature no less than it has with political history. I do not believe it ever happened to any other town so small as this to have living in it as contemporaries three such men as Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. It is a most remarkable fact. And if the first shot fired here at Concord was the first one of the struggle for political independence, so the first of those three men, more than any other, more than *all* others put together, wrought our intellectual independence. With him we may truly be said to have first ceased to be provincial. This was a wonderful achievement for one man. Then the second, Hawthorne. You would think me extravagant, I fear, if I said how highly I rate the genius of Hawthorne in the history of literature. But at any rate, Hawthorne taught us one great and needful lesson; and that is, that our own past was an ample storehouse for the highest works of imagination or fancy. That also, was a very great gain. And I think that we are indêbted to Mr. Thoreau,

the third of the three, for another lesson, almost as important: and that is, that Nature is as friendly, as inspiring here as in Wordsworth's country, or anywhere else. We owe, therefore, a very great debt, as it seems to me to these three men. And if we have stars enough, which I think perhaps is doubtful, for so great a constellation as that of Orion, I cannot help fancying to myself these three as those eminent stars in his belt. I was going to tell you when I was led off on another track, that, in rising to-day, I could not help being reminded of one of my adventures with my excellent tutor when I was here in Concord. I was obliged to read with him "Locke on the Human Understanding." My tutor was a great admirer of Locke, and thought that he was the greatest Englishman that ever lived, and nothing pleased him more, consequently, than now and then to cross swords with Locke in argument. I was not slow, you may imagine, to encourage him in this laudable enterprise. Whenever a question arose between my tutor and Locke, I always took Locke's side. I remember on one occasion, although I cannot now recall the exact passage in Locke,—it was something about continuity of ideas,—my excellent tutor told me that in that case Locke was quite mistaken in his views. My tutor said, "For instance Locke says that the mind is never without an idea; now I am conscious frequently that my mind is entirely without any idea at all." And I must confess that that anecdote came vividly to my mind when I got up on what Judge Hoar has justly characterized as the most important part of an orator's person.

I am glad to be here for one other reason, which you will allow me to suggest before I sit down; and that is, because it is good to come back here and re-temper one's self in this pure spring of American democracy. I find it,—I won't say a very good tonic, for I didn't need its tonic,—but I have found it exceedingly refreshing and exceedingly encouraging, I must say, for all the world, as well as for us. I am glad to be here to-day, also for another reason still: and that is, that I most heartily approve of every occasion which tends to keep united that thread of historic continuity, which is as important among nations as it is among families. I think what Senator Hoar said this morning, about Concord having a character and physiognomy of its own, is eminently true; and it is of the highest

importance that the traditions of such a character and physiognomy should be maintained. For, if *noblesse oblige*, certain it is that a town which has done great things or a family that has done great things will be more likely to do great things or to produce men that will do them in the future. Therefore, I am very glad to be here to-day on such an occasion as this which renews and keeps alive the memory of Concord's historic past. For, if the scientific men are right (and I think that more and more people are inclined to agree with them as the years go on), the past of a man or of a family, or of a nation is of vastly more importance than was formerly supposed,—it is of much more importance, perhaps, than the present, and certainly is the indicator of the controlling force, if not the controlling force itself, which will shape their future. I am much obliged to you, Mr. President, for the kind words which you were good enough to apply to me, and thank you all for having listened to me longer than I expected I should speak when I rose.

The President :

It was stated before a committee of the last Legislature that in Concord all the best people stayed away from church. This is a modern invention and would have surprised our Fathers even more than telegraphs or telephones. They kept up the union of the town and parish, church and state, for almost two centuries, until about fifty years ago, a second parish was formed here, and now we have five or six churches; pretty well for a *non-church-going* town. Perhaps our oldest settled minister will tell us how it is in the churches.

The Reverend Doctor HENRY MARTYN GROUT.

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## DR. GROUT'S ADDRESS.

*Mr. President :*

Your call upon the oldest settled minister in the town must be on account of his extreme age. You have probably assumed that the memory of so old a man would run further back toward the beginnings of things than that of his youthful brethren here. But you will be patient with him, I trust, if, bearing in mind the tendency of time to impair this faculty, he should venture to rely only in part upon personal recollections of the far off first days.

Soberly speaking, however, I am most happy, if my voice is to be heard at all on this occasion, that I am permitted to speak some words respecting the town and the church. It was the church in one of its branches, which brought me to the town. Further, it has a warm place in my heart. I believe in it—as I suspect the best people all still do. My words concerning it could not be otherwise than sincere. And as these other more distinguished gentlemen furnish ample wit for the hour, you will expect me to fill in the solemn discourse.

Permit me then, Mr. President, to begin with claiming for the church a considerable credit for this celebration itself. For you have no doubt meditated upon the fact that, but for it, there would have been no Concord to keep this grateful anniversary. Was it not the vision of a church, and of such a church as they came to plant, which brought the founders of our town hither? Was it not this which sustained them in the hardships of the first years? New England history has made this very plain. The reason they themselves gave for coming to these shores was "the great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation for propagating and advancing the kingdom of Christ in these remote parts of the world." This was their motive. This was their purpose. Other parts of this western world were colonized by adventurers, who came for conquest and plunder, for empire and spoil. The fathers, who came hither, were of a different mould. They came from a religious impulse. Is it not clear that but for the church, this goodly town would never have been? We should not have been here. And so the wit and wisdom and rejoicings of this occasion would have been lost. You see I begin with a very large claim: it is one, however, which you will no doubt be happy to concede.

But this is not the only reason for a grateful remembrance of the church to-day. There is the debt the town owes to it for no small share of its fair fame. And this is so great as to merit particular mention. Concord has always stood well in the state. Almost always she has had something to draw the world's attention this way. And never has the church been quite outside the circle of its attractions. For two hundred years she was their centre.

The literary work of the town began with its first minister. I have no doubt, Mr. President, you have often read, and owe not a few of your distinguished virtues, including your excellent church-going habits, to Rev. Peter Bulkeley's "Judicious and Savory Treatise on the Gospel Covenant;" one of the very first books written in America, and still a cherished treasure on the shelves of our Public Library. Mr. Bulkeley had also, we are told, "a competently Good Stroke at Latin Poetry;" and only the other day I fell upon two and a half octavo pages of English verse ascribed to his pen.

It was thus that the literary fame of the town began. And nearly all of Mr. Bulkeley's successors did something to sustain it. You know with what envious eyes Boston looked upon Mr. Estabrook, thinking him "too bright a star to be muffled up in the woods amongst the Indians." You are also familiar with Mr. Whitfield's extravagant praise of Mr. Bliss; "If I had studied my whole life-time I could not have produced such a sermon." The names of Rev. William Emerson, grandfather of the sage and the seer, and Dr. Ripley, connecting links between the old times and the new, are household words. You know what they were and what they did. For two centuries the literary work of the town was nearly all done by its ministers. No doubt the same was true elsewhere. The ministers were the educated men, and about the only ones, of those times. And the credit of their learning is due to the spirit of the churches, which required this of their leaders and teachers.

Then I may be permitted to hint, and this is all I shall venture to do, at what the men of these last fifty years, of whose genius and fame we are proud, may have felt to be their indebtedness to the church. We all know through what a line of noble Christian ministers the blood which fed the brain of Mr. Emerson had coursed. Mr. Hawthorne was certainly not unfamiliar with the deepest thought of the church. And it was after his genius was well developed and properly shaped that Mr. Thoreau left the old First Church for that of the "Sunday Walkers." As for our schools, the ministers always had a hand in their management. And the lecturers of the Lyceum, we are told, addressed themselves in the early days to Dr. Ripley, as they have since to most of his successors. It has been said that the Transcendental movement re-

ceived one of its impulses from the high Calvinism of the church which went before it. So much for the fair fame of the town.

If now, we may pass to the good things of the present, to the means of enjoyment and improvement which are to-day ours, I think we shall be able to see that for these too, the town owes something, more perhaps than some have considered, to the church. Take the material wealth which both marks and contributes to our weal. It is a matter of just pride with us that, besides our cultivated fields, we have convenient houses, good roads, some stone bridges, with school houses and a town hall, and public library, and studio of art, and School of Philosophy,—not to claim the State Reformatory as our own. Good things, one and all. And it would not be just to forget, on this high occasion, the close link there is between these and the work of the church.

The fathers, we have said, came hither with a single aim. And that was neither money, nor possessions of any material kind. It was quite other and nobler than that. Said Epictetus: "You will confer the greatest benefit on your community, not by raising the roofs, but by exalting the souls of your fellow-citizens." The fathers came to do just that. And so, when they had dug a temporary shelter in the side of the hill, they straightway built the place for worship. Then, they planned for the school, and joined hands with others in the beginnings of a college. It was religion, manhood, intelligence, character, personal worth, on which their eyes were fixed. They cared little for wealth; luxuries they had willingly left behind. But for duty, an approving conscience, and "the glorious ordinance of God," they cared much. And of this spirit and aim and life the church was the recognized centre.

Now, given such a spirit and such principles, there could not fail to come succeeding generations possessed of qualities that should make growth and prosperity, as well as exalted manhood sure. Linger at this point just a moment. Ours is a fairly wealthy community; that is, there is not only wealth among us, but it is well distributed. In it all have a good share. How has this come to pass? Through industry, honesty, freedom from extravagance and wasteful vices, present self-denial, regard for the rights of one another, and interest



for those who are to come after us. How did the people come by these qualities? They learned them largely from their religious teachers; in whose thought the Spelling-book went before mainly to prepare the way for the Bible and the Catechism;—to be ignorant of either of which was to be an outside barbarian. Their virtues came of their religion; a religion that had defects, no doubt. It was not gentle. It was not without narrowness. It was stern, as indeed most heroic things are. But it had that main thing, in devotion to duty and to God, which is as sure to make a prosperous as it is to make a virtuous and powerful people.

Is there time for another point? For there is another, by no means to be overlooked on this occasion of grateful retrospection. It was with great self-denial and sacrifice that all this church planting and building was done by the fathers. But if not to recall this would be injustice to their memories, still more unjust would it be to suppose that they bore their hardships either with complaint, or the sour and elongated faces some have ascribed to them. They did no such thing. On the other hand, we have good reason to believe that, after the first dark days were over, they were quite as joyous as we: quite as light hearted in joke and story and laughter; possibly with consciences less burdened than some of ours.

Nor were their Sundays the gloomy days some imagine. They were serious days, no doubt, with Bible study, and sober kneeling about the domestic altar; with quietness in the house, and stillness without. But they were not for that reason joyless. It is the shallow brook that always babbles.

Their church-going, moreover, was no trifling business. For there was a time when Lincoln and Bedford and Acton and Carlisle all came to the one Concord Church. Think of their winter toiling through unbroken shows, some afoot, some on sleds, some bare-back. Neither were their hardships quite over when safely within the Sanctuary and becomingly seated according to dignity or state,—the deacons close up under the pulpit that they might be “fed on the perpendicular droppings of the Word.” With nothing of our modern heating apparatus, on colder days the minister preached in great coat and mittens;

“While the women, maid and mother,  
Passed their stoves to one another,  
Those convenient tin arrangements  
Made to hold the slumbering coals;  
And the male sex, held from napping,  
Spent their weary time in rapping,  
Rapping their stiff boots together.  
Those were times that tried men’s soles.”

And it may be doubted whether even all these would always have kept them from freezing, but for supplemental heat which came of vigorous exercise in hard wrestlings with great doctrines, as of fate and free-will; and covenants of grace and covenants of works; questions of religion hardly less tough than those philosophic categories which our friends so easily handle and elucidate through August heat at our Summer School.

Their’s were self-denials and sacrifices of which we know little. And yet we have no reason to suppose that these heroic spirits ever thought themselves hardly used. Who knows that, were they now able to look in upon our manner of life, they would not still choose their own; at least preferring their own robustness to languor which now reclines on velvet couches, and even the after thoughts of the ancient Sunday to the memories of a modern midnight masquerade.

But I keep you from better things. We all agree, I am sure, that the town and church are closely related; can never, in the life we live, be wholly separated. And if we now have to say churches, instead of church, our needs are all the better served for that. Our four or five, or—in what was once our township—our dozen or fifteen, are none too many for the good people who are likely still to love to come. Moreover, this multiplication of modes and creeds is only the logical outcome of that great principle the fathers put foremost; namely, the right and duty of every man to read the Word and listen to the Spirit of God for himself, and then worship as his own conscience bids. It is now enough to hope, and expect that, as in the past and the present, we may always dwell together, and do our part in the world’s great work, in neighborly friendship, in happy concord.

Mr. President, it was Coleridge, I think, who said that the

secret of true civilization is the union of progress and permanence. In religious life and work, as in other things, Concord seems to have learned this lesson. May she never forget it.

The President :—

Speaking of the second centennial of this town, "there were giants on the earth in those days," and one of them, whose slight figure and bright, keen look was often seen in our streets, was pointed out to us boys, as having been "the little giant," of Yale college. He has changed but slightly with time, for both years and honors have sat lightly on him; and if he has grown plethoric of positions, his annual visits to this scene of his youthful fame have kept him young. With all his honors at the bar, in the cabinet, on the forum, from his loftiest place, the Senator of the giant state of the Union, he brings to our local celebration his proud triumphs so well won with years of toil in every patriotic purpose. We trust that both in the senate and here, he will kindly bear in mind Shakespeare's

"O, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant;"

and not cap the quotation with anything about "man, dres't in a little brief authority, playing fantastic tricks before high heaven," but will kindly and mercifully tell us some of the many things which he knows, and which we ought to be told about Concord, in sentences not too long for us to remember.

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS.

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## SENATOR EVART'S SPEECH.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

I should have felt it not only a right, but in some sense a duty, to attend upon this celebration, where your distinguished orator was to have so much of interest to me from our friendship and our kinship. But it was a great gratification to me, Mr. President, to receive from you an invitation, as the guest of the town, on account of my early associations with your people and my constant pleasure in the visits that I once in a while make to them. Concord, to me, is more familiar in what makes up the delights of boyhood, than to most of you that have been born or that have lived here, and I go further back

in my memory than a great part of even you mature men and women that I see about me. When boys are born in the country and when they have ever before them the delights, the pleasures, the enjoyments from nature and from play, they become somewhat confused in their appreciation, and their warmth and affection, for they remember a great many labors, a good many gloomy skies, a great many bleak storms, and some of the misfortunes, if not even of the calamities, of life. But to me, as a Boston boy, Concord was all the world in contrast to the city. And as I never was here except in August, and perhaps the twelfth day of September I thought the sun always shone in Concord, though I knew that it did not always on the seaboard of Boston. The place then, to me, year after year, before I began to share the acquaintance of distinguished men here and to learn wisdom which I have never forgotten—if I have not been able to practice it—was the delight of my life. And so, in the future, though I have seen pleasant lands abroad and at home, though I cultivate my own acres that are broad and, as I think, beautiful, yet to me Concord will always be the picture of a boy's paradise.

*"Ille mihi angulus terrae maxime ridet."*

Concord was settled less than one hundred and fifty years after the discovery of America by Columbus. What the world was waiting for after that great discovery, during the first century and a half, nobody knew. But when Concord was settled, it was known that that would have been impossible if America had not been discovered and, Concord produced, justified Columbus.

An orator after dinner is awkwardly situated in Concord. Where he would please he fails; for, whatever he may say that might seem to partake even of flattery is quietly swallowed, as though his hearers had often thought of it themselves. I have done nothing of that kind. I have simply stated the historic fact that America was discovered before Concord. The Indians were a brief and sententious people, and in a single word in their language you will find a great length, and breadth, and depth of meaning. Musketaquid is a pretty long word to begin with; and I am enabled now to find in what I see before me a justification of my own interpretation, justified by my re-

searches, that *Musketaquid* is the Indian name for a town of brave men, and fair women, and heroes and statesmen, and orators, and a people that never tires of talking about itself or hearing itself talked about for two hundred and fifty years. The governor—who, on several occasions in which I have had the pleasure of meeting him at dinner, has had the sagacity, if not the politeness, to leave the building whenever he knew I was going to rise—said some sensible things, and among others, that the town and the permanence of the town and persistency in it was really the fortune, and should be the pride and the power of a community like this. I had the fortune to be born in a neighboring town, I mean the town of Boston. These were two great towns, Boston and Concord. It was a long race. It had lasted for two hundred years and Concord was a little ahead. Boston saw that. If in a light breeze, Boston couldn't beat, what could it do when the air was full of blasts? It surrendered, gave up the township and tried to make a fortune in a different direction, as a city. I left Boston myself because it had not continued a town. I was determined that if I were to live in a city, which was a misfortune and a disaster, I would live in one that was big enough—New York—to make some compensation for it.

My excellent friend and teacher, Judge Hoar, has ventured upon some misgivings as to what has taken place already in Concord, and what might still carry it away from its proper moorings and swerve it from its true destiny. I see nothing for distrust in these facts or circumstances which he has enumerated. My opinion is that every one of you men and women are wiser and better than the people that preceded you, and that those that come after you will be wiser and better than you. This innovation of Boston.—What is that? Concord is isolated still; isolated by its ideas, by its genius, by its virtue, by its self-esteem which we are told is at the bottom of all manhood, and has been especially so here for two hundred and fifty years. What has Concord needed of this access to the rest of the world? It was not Concord people that built the railroad to Boston; it was Boston people that built the railroad to Concord. And so the telegraph and telephone are not to bring to Concord what the rest of the world is doing, but to carry to the rest of the world what Concord is thinking

of. I see no occasion for levity, Mr. President. I speak as near to the truth as it is possible for a new Yorker that once lived in or frequented Concord to do.

Now, I have divided my time with my predecessors, and I am going to give to those who follow me all the time that they want. Mr. President, you cautioned me, you implored me, when you were surrendering a certain measure of strength into my hands that I would not use it as a giant. That is the only power that I had. As for this notion of yours about the possible or the probable length of my sentences, this is not the first time I have had occasion, before an enlightened assembly, to meet a sneer of that kind by saying that the only people in this country that were opposed to long sentences, were the criminal classes. I should have expected a suggestion of that kind, had I spoken within the ample room of the neighboring state prison.

Well, gentlemen and ladies, after all, there is one grand cardinal trait in every community, that has had persistency and history and success. The one word that describes Concord is, that it was public spirited ; public spirited from the beginning,—public spirited whenever that great power was necessary and useful. It ever gave without asking whether it would receive in return. It knew that the men and women of Concord were but a part of the men and women of the community, the neighborhood, the State and the Nation. And everywhere and in every widening sphere of its service, and its duty, public spirit was large enough to be diffused, and strong enough not to be weakened by the diffusion. There was no less in the great struggle that called together this great nation in armies, of whose members I see here, as in similar gatherings, so many that we honor and applaud. In that great struggle, Concord did not extend its patriotism, nor contribute its men or its treasures for Concord—for it needed neither,—nor for Massachusetts, nor for New England, nor for wealth and prosperity that might have been enjoyed with dishonor, nor for vengeance in the future. But, as it was the centre of energy, of benevolence when, two hundred and fifty years ago, it had nothing west of it and nothing east of it but the small towns, it was the same when their country bounded on the two oceans and the line of English power and Mexican civilization. There is the

history of its enterprise. There is the history that transplanted communities that have grown up all over this great land. The step that you took from Boston to go West brought you only to Concord. But the principle that "it is the first step that costs," has not ceased to be trod by the men of Concord and their wives out to the Pacific ocean. That is the boundary of their enterprise because it is the limit of our country.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, scarcely anticipating the pleasure of joining in another celebration two hundred and fifty years hence I wish to leave this lesson—what has been done has been done as well to this time in Concord as was done at the beginning; and it is a long history and a great fame and a great duty for the future that will secure to that future that it shall comport with the past.

The President :

Another of those members of Congress spoken of this morning has yet to be heard from. He has given up politics for the care of the helpless, widows, orphans and insolvents! and throws away on them his wit and talents that used to delight listening courts and legislatures. Perhaps he will recall some of his reminiscences of Concord courts for our benefit. There used to be good stories of them, and we shall be glad to hear from

GEORGE MERRICK BROOKS.

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## JUDGE BROOKS' REMARKS.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

Concord in the latter part of the last century and in the beginning of this, was a leading town in the county, on account of its population, its wealth and its central position, but principally because it was one of the shire towns of the country.

People seem to have forgotten that fact, and I have not heard it alluded to by any one to-day. Formerly shire towns amounted to something: look at an old map of Massachusetts of a hundred years ago. There you will find, Boston, Salem, Worcester, Springfield, Cambridge, Concord and other towns designated by a large star, and they derived their importance

from the fact that they were shire towns of their respective counties; children were taught to give the names of shire towns as a part of their geographical studies. Now ask a school boy what Cambridge and Lowell are noted for, he would answer, Cambridge for its Harvard College, Dane Law School and Mt. Auburn,—Lowell for its Cotton and Woolen Mills, its Carpet-factory and Machine shops, its telephone stock and perhaps Cherry Pectoral; the fact that they were the shire towns of Middlesex county would never be thought of by them. I may be presuming on their ignorance but I doubt if half of the children know the names of the shire towns of their counties, or the other half know what a shire town is. Formerly shire towns were of great importance. My friend, the Orator of the Day, told us this morning about those sober, steady, God-fearing, church going and fighting men of former days. We have heard that they had few holidays and no amusements; but the old September Court in Concord was an oasis for them. We learn from men of the last generation, that at this term of Court people assembled from all parts of the county to talk over the affairs of the day, to trade, swap horses and test their speed by racing up and down the streets; booths were plentiful on the common, in front of the church and on the sides of the streets, where eatables and drinkables were provided for the hungry and thirsty, the drinkables of such a kind and character as would gladden the heart and make the fortune of a state constable of the present day if he had a chance to make a raid upon them; in fact the whole week was given up to such hilarity and joviality as our ancestors were capable of.

But to come down to the time within my own recollection, when the Courts were held in the old white Court House and still later in the present one,—true, horse racing had been abolished, the general air of festivity around the town had disappeared, and then the delectable beverages that made the booths attractive, prohibition had banished to the northwest corner of the basement of the now solitary and deserted Middlesex Hotel. Yet even then there was a good deal of the old time pomp and dignity that was a remnant of the past. *Now* you will see a justice of the Supreme Court jump off a horse car, and go solitary and alone to the Court house; *then* when the bell tolled for the opening of the Court, you would see the



Judge come out of the front door of the Middlesex, and the high sheriff with blue coat, brass buttons, buff vest, cockade in his hat, dress sword at his side and a long pole in his hands would accompany the Judge to the Court House, followed by the lawyers, jurymen and litigants. *Then* the Concord people had a sort of proprietary interest in the Courts, solid farmers and substantial citizens would attend the session from day to day not from an idle curiosity, but to hear the able lawyers of the Middlesex bar measure swords in debate; in short it was an old-fashioned Summer School. The Court gave a tone and character and was one of the institutions that gave the town its importance in the county.

There was another institution in Concord closely connected with the courts that I must call your attention to. Most of you (except the younger portion of my hearers) remember the old white-washed jail, with Jimmie everlastingly drumming on the steps, and Johnson keeping watch and ward at the gate. Its plan and management were such as would delight the philanthropist or prisoners' friend of the present day. The jail was not like those of the present day, where the person unjustly accused of a crime is confined in a cell seven by five to await his trial, and has nothing but his own reflections for company. The old jail had large, roomy apartments, with windows on two sides, a bed in each of the four corners, a table in the middle where the quartette could spend their time in the seductive games of Whist, Hi Lo Jack, or Old Sledge. The management of the jail was patriarchal and free and easy. The jailer (whom many of you know) had a good insight of human nature and knew whom to trust, and he allowed his prisoners certain privileges that would shock a prison disciplinarian of the present day. As an instance of this, I was once retained to defend a man confined in this jail for some offence. I called to see him to make preparations for his defence, and was told that he had gone huckleberrying with the children.

A story is told, for the accuracy of which I cannot vouch. Near the end of one of the June criminal terms the Judge found that there were three persons remaining to be tried, and requested the Sheriff to bring them in. He sent a deputy who soon returned with the message, that it looked like a shower and the jailer had them all in the meadow cocking up hay.

The Judge then turned to the officer and said, "Mr. Crier, adjourn the court till Sam has finished his haying."

But we did not have perfect peace in our courts. Lowell had grown out of all manner of proportion, the population of the lower part of the county had greatly increased and they were constantly hectoring us to have the courts removed. True it was we showed to every legislature that we did more business than was done in the other towns, that the lawyers worked all day in the court-house, and spent their evenings in the old Middlesex preparing their cases for the next day. These arguments were convincing, but at the June term 1849, a man indicted for some offence and out on bail, came to the illogical conclusion that if there was no court-house he could not be tried, so he touched a match and the old court-house was soon in ashes.

This was considered by our opponents to be an interposition of Providence in their favor, and they commenced an assault along the whole line. They flooded the General Court with petitions for the removal of the courts from Concord, and used all the arts known to lobbyists to ensure such removal. But Concord was equal to the emergency. They chose the honored father of the orator of the day to represent them in the General Court, who, although advanced in years, yet was in full possession of his faculties and managed the matter with great ability in the House. And then that spring we had the three-quarter centennial of the Concord fight ;—I suppose the technical term would be semi-sesqui. And Mr. President, I may say in passing, that for its size Concord is pretty good on centennials. Since my boyhood (counting fractions) we had four centennials, and if I live as long as temperance and a good conscience will allow me, I expect to witness at least two more. We invited the legislature to this semi-sesqui, we gave them a good dinner, oration, poem, speeches, brass band, and all the accompaniments of a first-class celebration. They went back much pleased and voted to print the proceedings of the celebration, and gave the petitioners for removing the courts leave to withdraw. We built the present new court-house, but in 1867 it was thought best for us not to contest longer, and for the consideration of one dollar all the county property in Concord was turned over to the town, and good use of it was made, I

have no doubt. And now my friend, the President of the Day, as presiding justice of the District Court, keeps the scales on the court house in due equipoise, the stones of the old jail peacefully slumber in the cellars of some of our new houses, and in place of the jail we have a large pile of bricks in the west part of the town costing over \$1,000,000—called a Reformatory, containing two or three hundred reformers, without the privilege of going out haying or huckleberrying.

And instead of hearing able lawyers discuss the business actualities of life, those who desire cool intellectual food in a sweltering July day, will find a modest temple in a quiet, sequestered nook in the east part of the town, where they can hear elaborate essays upon the life, times, character, writings and philosophy of Plato, Kant, Fichte, Hegel and Goethe, and especially Goethe, and where they can listen to fine-spun metaphysical disquisitions upon the whiciness of the why and the whyness of the what.

## LETTERS.

The President then read the following letter:—

LOWELL, Aug. 25, 1885.

*To the Selectmen of the town of Concord, Mass.:*

*Gentlemen,*—Born in the town of Concord and living there seventeen years, from 1811 to 1828, and thanking Almighty God for long life and his great goodness to me, I wish in this form to give unto others of my fellowmen of Concord, for their benefit and improvement in the future, the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1000), if the town of Concord will accept the same upon the following conditions, to wit: The money to be put on interest for fifty years, till the third centennial year of the incorporation of the town of Concord, and the interest added to the principal, either annually or semi-annually until that time, when all but the original sum of one thousand dollars (\$1000) shall be expended for the benefit and improvement of the town or the citizens of Concord, as the voters of the town may determine by a two-thirds vote of its legal voters in

town meeting assembled, and if they should not be able to command a two-thirds vote upon the manner of disposing of the same when it becomes due, it may be brought forward and acted upon at future town meetings until disposed of by a two-thirds vote of the legal voters of the town. The original one thousand dollars (\$1000) shall again be put at interest as before described, and at the end of every fifty years thereafter all but the original principal shall be disposed of in the same manner as before mentioned.

Respectfully yours,

HAPGOOD WRIGHT.

N. B. I should like to have it called "The Hapgood Wright Semi-Centennial Fund."

The President.

As you are tired of hearing my strained voice, with your permission my son, Mr. Prescott Keyes will read the letters received in reply to invitations from guests we hoped to have with us to-day. Mr. Winthrop modestly refrains from mentioning an eloquent speech he made here fifty years ago, and he is the only speaker of that occasion now living. How much a speech from him to-day would have added to the interest of this celebration as connecting it so closely with the Bi-Centennial. His health does not permit him to be present, and we have alas, only his letter.

Mr. Prescott Keyes then read the following letters addressed to the Committee on invitations;—

BROOKLINE, MASS., 21 August, 1885.

*Gentlemen:* I am honored by your communication of the 1st instant, inviting me to attend the celebration of the two hundredth and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Concord, as a guest of the town, on the twelfth of September next. It would afford me peculiar pleasure to be with you on that occasion. It was my good fortune to be one of the invited guests on the two hundredth anniversary celebration on the twelfth of September, 1835. I was then one of the representatives of Boston in the legislature of Massachusetts, but I came to Concord as an aid-de-camp of Lieutenant Governor Armstrong, who had become the acting governor of the State by the

election of Governor Davis to the senate of the United States. It was a most agreeable and notable occasion, and one which I recall at the end of fifty years, and as, perhaps, the only survivor of the guests of that celebration with no little interest.

The admirable oration, by one who afterwards obtained such a signal celebrity as the late lamented Ralph Waldo Emerson, would alone have made the occasion memorable to every one who was present. The prayer of the aged and venerated Dr. Ezra Ripley—whose hospitality I had enjoyed at his own home some years before, in company with my endeared class-mate and chum, Charles Chauncy Emerson—was not less impressive.

I would gladly renew my association with the scenes and memories of that day, but I am constrained to resist the temptation, and I must reluctantly decline your invitation.

Concord has a world wide fame. Her earliest annals abound in charming incidents, of at least one of which, in 1638, my own ancestor was a prominent figure. Her maturer history includes, with that of Lexington, the first blood of the Revolution. Her later years have been illustrated by the Roman integrity of Samuel Hoar and the eminent abilities and services of his sons, as well as by the brilliant genius of Hawthorne and Emerson.

No town in our Commonwealth, or on our whole continent, has stronger claims to a distinguished and grateful remembrance.

Believe me, gentlemen, with sincere thanks for your invitation and best wishes for the occasion,

Respectfully and truly your obedient servant,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

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PLYMOUTH, Aug. 4, 1885.

*Gentlemen:* I have received with pleasure your cordial invitation to attend, as a guest of the town, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Concord on the twelfth of September. I have delayed my reply in the hope that I might find it possible to be in Concord that day, and it is with the greatest regret that I come to the decision that my duties will compel me to remain here at the time of the festival. I need not trouble you with the particulars, but I wish to assure

you that nothing but imperative reasons would make me forego the pleasure of attending the anniversary or the honor of being one of its public guests. I have always prided myself on the privilege of being a native of Concord, and cling tenaciously to everything that gives me a new hold upon my birthright. I am, therefore, very grateful to you for doing me the honor of including me among the sons of Concord on this occasion, and much disappointed that I cannot be your guest.

I remain gentlemen, most truly yours,

WILLIAM W. GOODWIN.

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NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 8, 1885.

*My Dear Emerson:* I could not receive a more tempting invitation than you gave me in your letter that reached me yesterday. You move every fibre of my heart by touching on the display of the grandest and most effective creative power of public spirit by rural patriots in private life, and on the dearest affections of personal friendship. I longed so much to comply with your invitation that it has taken a few hours reflection to make me feel that I cannot avail myself of it.

I shall within a few days finish the first quarter of my fifth score of years, and, in the uncertainty of my ability to bear the fatigue, feel unwilling to give you the trouble of taking care of me.

But though I cannot come to you on Saturday, pray assure yourself that I am, and ever shall be,

Your faithful friend,

GEO. BANCROFT.

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HALIFAX, N. S., Sept, 5 1885.

*My Dear Mr. Walcott:*

Much to my regret, I find that I cannot reach home in time to attend the Concord Celebration on the 12th inst. I have had it in mind ever since you gave me the kind invitation; and I feel sorely disappointed over the fact. I have been away now three weeks, and I hope before my return to visit Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, which will take another fortnight. This precludes the possibility of my keeping the engagement

from which I had anticipated a great deal of pleasure. I feel a deep interest in old Middlesex, and in Concord which stands for so much in its history—to say nothing of its wider influence throughout the state and nation—and I deeply regret my inability to be present on this interesting occasion.

Yours very truly,

SAMUEL A. GREEN.

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The following telegram from Governor Long president of the Hingham celebration was read :

Hingham congratulates Concord on the celebration of their common birthday. Hope you will have a good time, sister.

This reply was sent by telegraph.

The low hills to the seashore send greetings and congratulations. Concord replies to her twin. Many happy returns.

The President.

In June 1834, a private school was opened in this town by William Whiting who died while Member of Congress from Boston. There were twenty two scholars in the school. Fifty years afterwards, sixteen of those twenty-two were living, and ten of them present at a wedding in Concord in June 1884. That school attended in a body the Bi-Centennial of the Town in 1835, and listened to the orator of that day. Whether their continuance in Concord and their longevity was owing to the inspiration of that occasion, or the doctors of the town, may be questioned. The son of that orator, and himself a doctor will gratify us by speaking of his predecessors and of the name he bears.

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON.

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## DR. EMERSON'S REMARKS.

*Mr. President :*

Perhaps the perennial vigor of those who were the young people here fifty years ago, which you Sir, for our good fortune, happily demonstrate, was due to the fact that Concord's old fashioned doctors seldom prescribed a change of air.

At your bidding, Sir, I have for the moment put off the

uniform of a very independent company, which parades with two old brass guns,—you set me the example years ago—guns which we hope are not thorns in the side of our honored guests the Commander-in-Chief and Adjutant-General,—and come here to answer for the old Doctors of Concord. Having myself half turned my back on the healing art, I wish to show that these doctors set in this respect a most pernicious example.

The first, Dr. Philip Rea'l, dabbled in free-thought, criticized the preaching of the ancestors of our Chaplain, for which Concord made it desirable for him to change his residence.

But what followed? Dr. James Minott did not stick to his pills and herb-drinks, yet escaped the fate of his forerunner. This gentleman was as versatile a genius as Anonymous in a book of extracts. Here is his epitaph!

Here is interred the remains of James Minott Esq., A. M. and Excelling Grammarian enriched with the Gift of Prayer and Preaching, a Commanding Officer, a Physician of Great Value, a Great Lover of Peace, as well as of Justice, and which was his Greatest Glory, a Gentleman of distinguished Virtue and Goodness Happy in a Virtuous Posterity and living Religiously died comfortably, Sept 20, 1725. Act. 83.

Could man do more? Was not this the high-water mark of our race?

In the very next generation the physician is styled *Major* Jonathan Prescott, vying in accomplishments with his predecessor.

His son Dr. John, a good physician, presently appears a commander of an expedition against Cuba, then as a diplomatic agent for the Colonies in London where he died.

A generation passes, and then we find Dr. Samuel Prescott riding home from courting Miss Mulliken of Lexington at the strange hour of one in the morning on the 19th of April, joining Paul Revere on the road and by his good horsemanship escaping over a wall when Revere was taken, and bringing the stirring news to Concord; but we hear no more of him as a practitioner.

Time fails me to tell of John Cumming, Harvard graduate, Indian fighter, Indian captive, then Lieutenant Colonel in service against them, wide-riding country doctor, Royal Justice of the Peace, Patriot, member of the committees of Correspon-



dence and Safety, then sitting in the Provincial Congress and County Courts, and last benefactor to the town and to its Alma Mater: of the varying but hard fortunes of Dr. Ezekiel Brown: of Abiel Heywood, practicing medicine for years: then Town Clerk, Chief Selectman and Assessor for 30 years, latterly abandoning at once celibacy and small clothes, and taking office of high trust in the State: of Edward Jarvis, general practitioner and specialist, writer on genealogy, history and statistics, and loyal benefactor of this town!

But in late years the town was blessed with doctors who did not scorn to abide in their toilsome calling, and died in harness faithful and brave, loved and honored like him whose venerable face we all remember.

From the honored names of the healers of this town, in the days that are gone by, thus lightly touched on, but whom we all revere, I turn to answer, as you have bid me, Sir, for my name and race, thankful that the double tie which binds it to the Past of this town gives me the right.

He who fifty years ago spoke near where to-day you have listened to a representative of an honorable family always near to him loved Concord. The room where he wrote we call his study, but his study was the pine wood or the oak-girt ledge of rock looking on blue Walden and bluer river, beautiful to him in even the harshest aspect and full of voices as the sacred groves of the East.

Not less the aspects of the men and women of the village. He watched the farmer pass his window and remembered him, as one who faced the Primal Forces and wielded them to raise his corn.

He sat in the Town-Meeting, speaking seldom, hearing every word, and came home praising the sense and courage shown, secure that in the end, after this rough sifting, the brave counsel would prevail.

I bring to his townspeople to-day this word which I only yesterday found in his note book. "How do the wise differ from the unwise," was the question put to Bias. He replied 'In a good hope.' It is the true heroism and the true wisdom, 'Hope.'" That shall be his word for the next century. This other note I found, written just after a stormy scene which happened in these streets just before the war.

"Somebody said in my hearing lately that a house in Concord was worth half as much again as a house in any other town since the people had shown a good will to defend each other."

The President :

It was the irony of fate that in Concord should begin the Revolution. Concord Fight is a contradiction in terms; and it is perhaps the irony of history that Concord should furnish the ground where Acton men fought the battle of Lexington.

Is there not some of the irony of both fate and history that the modest, transcendental youth, who came here from Brook Farm, "to till these lonely fields" should in these days have the largest audience as Orator and Editor in this broad land? That he

"By wondrous tongue and guided pen  
Brings the down muses back to men."

Will he kindly speak on this occasion to this *small* gathering of his former townsmen

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

## MR. CURTIS' SPEECH.

*Mr. President :*

That I once lived in Concord, is among my happiest recollections, and that I should be asked to come back again to-day is one of the most gratifying of honors. Life gives us few purer pleasures than to know that we are kindly remembered where we remember kindly, and upon returning to the familiar places to find the old friendships and old feelings as unchanged as the hills and streams. In the tenderest of his poems, Byron recalling the best hours of his life, describes the scene that he remembers as a "most living landscape." But the life of a landscape is not in its verdure and form, in its waving woods and flowing waters. The landscape lives in its human associations, in its historic traditions. Its deepest charm is felt when we can say with Wordsworth: "Here in old time the hand of man hath been,"—the hand of genius, the hand of heroism, of art, of letters, of science; so that the the dead, whose works do follow them, may, after all, make the most living landscape.

I suppose that there is no son, native or adopted, of Concord who does not cherish for the ancient town that peculiar, personal feeling of reverence of which our orator spoke this morning. There is no town which has a story more worth telling, and that story was never more completely, more adequately or more nobly told than you have heard it to-day. Now mindful of the hour, and of the tried patience of my hearers, I cannot but recall the story of the old clergyman (and this story, I think, is not told of a Concord clergyman, as most good stories are), who paused, after preaching a couple of hours, in the middle of his sermon, and said: "Ah brethren, saving souls is such delightful work that I could go on preaching all night, but I must consider the infirmity of human nature, I must forbear, I will restrain myself and preach only four hours longer." As every one of the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me has taken his seat, I have wished that he would forbear and restrain himself to preach only four hours longer. That forbearance my friends, would have had for you this advantage,—that you would have been spared listening to another speech: while it would have enabled me to permit expressive silence to muse the praise of Concord.

"Here is old Concord,  
Now let expressive silence muse her praise."

I came to Concord with my brother, from Brook Farm. I am not quite sure whether we belonged to that "Menagerie" of Mr. Emerson, of which we have heard or whether we were not a pair of those "visionary youths" whom Mr. Hawthorne said overran this village about forty years ago. Yet he was one of us. He preceded us from Brook Farm: and Concord, surely, was not the only wonder-land to which he introduced the young visionaries of his time. There was as my older friends may remember, some kind of association in the popular mind, between Concord and Brook Farm. It was very natural that it should be so. Mr. Emerson lived in Concord and Brook Farm was supposed, in some indescribable way, to have sprung from his teachings. To go from Concord to Brook Farm, therefore was merely to pass from theory to practice. To come from Brook Farm to Concord was to rise from plain living to high thinking. Indeed the lines of a young man could not

have fallen in a pleasanter place nor in one more likely to stimulate his good impulses if he had any, and to repress those that were not so good, than a village at one end of which lived Emerson and at the other end Hawthorne, while conveniently, but characteristically in a different direction from either lived Henry Thoreau. If to this you add the immortal revolutionary tradition that made the long, winding road under the brow of the hill from Emerson's house on one end to Hawthorne's at the other, a *via sacra*, and then fill the village with that population which seemed to have sprung from Cromwell's Ironsides themselves, if you plant it all in that tranquil, gentle, pastoral landscape, so familiar to you, and which the best genius of America has made familiar to all the world, if you do this, you have the Concord that I knew, the Concord of forty years ago, the Concord that was then and still is the friend and ally of every good cause involving the rights of man or the rights of woman, that Concord which then was and now is the fullest and fairest representative of the old New England which marched from beyond the Merrimac to beyond the Mississippi, planting New England men and New England principles wherever its foot fell.

There is no American town to which Dr. Johnson's famous remark about two widely severed places is more applicable than to Concord. "That man," he says, "is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Patriotism and piety,—these make the legend, these tell the story of this town. Marathon and Iona blend in this town. No Greek hero, not Leonidas, not Miltiades, was of purer heroic mould than Isaac Davis, and John Buttrick, and James Barrett, and their comrades,—the heroes who have made these meadows ground as dear and sacred to the liberty loving heart of mankind as the plain of Marathon or the pass of Thermopylae.

These were the heroes of the field. But in that tranquil sphere of thought which moves the world, the serene wisdom of the scholar at the other end of the village, fired the shot heard round the moral world of his generation, and makes the plain village as precious a bourne of pilgrimage as the fane of Iona. I cannot allow myself to give way to the feelings and

consequently to the words which are in my heart and which are trembling upon my tongue. This only let me say—that it seems to me that we are to remember that the men who stood at the Bridge and who forced British authority to begin its retreat from the western continent, were the armed pioneers of American political independence. The scholar at the other end of the town boldly challenged the most venerable ecclesiastical traditions and in his day declared for us all that independence that soul-liberty, upon which Roger Williams planted Rhode Island,—these were the men who have bound the spiritual and political lesson of Concord close together in independence. If there is any one principle which, in every political and every religious emergency, is the sure stay of every American citizen, undoubtedly you will agree with me that it is what, in the old colonial phrase, was called “independency;” and if there be one fraternity which in this country should never be permitted to die out, it is that surely of the sons of liberty.

No truer word was spoken to us this morning by our orator than this.—that the great events which culminated at the Bridge showed the constancy of our fathers in their patriotism. Constant were they above all. Faithful were they to the last. And when he truly said, in that phrase which will become memorable, that Major Buttrick gave the order to subjects of King George and that the men who fired were citizens of America, I felt at once how striking an illustration it was of their constancy to principle, and their independence of names and traditions,—that almost, as it seemed, in a single moment, they passed from being subjects of a king into the fulness of a prospective republic.

There is one story which I am very sure, though it be of a clergyman, is a story of Concord. And I do not know why all of the good stories are fathered upon the clergy if it be not that, as the devil is said to have all the good tunes, it be only fair that the clergy should have all the good stories; and this particular story is that of a clergyman who went into the pulpit, taking up the hymn book and found that the leaves were torn out, so that the book was very thoroughly dilapidated. He said “Brethren, let us begin these exercises by singing to the praise and glory of God the 412th hymn.” He proceeded a few stanzas. “No, no,—let us sing to the praise and glory of

God the 212th hymn." He proceeded a little further, but the consuming tooth of time had been before him. He stopped again. "Brethren,"—he tried it once more, but the result was the same. He closed the book in a kind of despair. "The congregation will sing to the same praise and glory any hymn that is not torn out of the book."

So, I am about to leave this congregation to sing the praise and glory of Concord in any conceivable form of words that has not already been exhausted. As for myself, as I recall Amursnaek, and Lee's Hill, and the Cliffs and Ponkaw-tasset, Walden and Fairhaven, and the North Bridge, as I fill these familiar streets and fields with that troop of the shining ones, men and women whom I remember.

"I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow."

And I say, in the words most familiar, I am sure, to the parish of old Peter Bulkeley and of Dr. Ripley, so long the pastor, blending verses in which the sentiment so naturally blends, "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, if I forget thee O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

At the end of Mr. Curtis' speech the sunset had come and the audience rose to depart:

The President said.

The audience are requested to join in a slight ceremony in the conclusion of this celebration.

In 1792, seventeen years after the Fight, the old North Bridge was moved down the river a hundred rods. One bent of that bridge was used for the timber foundation of the abutment at the new spot. A stepping-stone on the old causeway, over which Captain Isaac Davis fell when he "was pierced by a British musket ball," was used in building the new abutment. Seven years ago, in rebuilding this abutment, that stone was found with the stains upon it, that tradition says were Captain Davis's blood. It was carefully saved, and will at some suitable opportunity, be presented to the town of Acton, to be placed beside their monument to the hero of that fight. From the oak post of the old North bridge, thus preserved for a century under water, several canes have been made, which I desire now, in behalf of this town, [to place where they will do the most good,] in the keeping of those of our guests to-day who have in prose and song,

made that bridge ever memorable. If they serve as staffs to their declining years, of which we trust that our guests will enjoy many, may they also remind them of the events that this oak witnessed, and of this town and celebration.

Judge Keyes then presented a cane to Senator Hoar to Senator Evarts, to Mr. Curtis, to Mr. Lowell, to Mr. Hapgood Wright and to Judge Hoar. The canes are gold mounted and are inscribed "Old North Bridge Oak, Concord, Mass., September 12 '85."

This closed the exercises, and a national salute after sunset ended the celebration.

Had not the lateness of the hour prevented, the Rev. George Herbert Hosmer and Samuel Hoar Esq. would have responded, the first for the family of his name so long and so well known in the town, the last for the town itself of which he is the chief municipal officer and for the soldiers of the union army of whom he was one.

THE END.

## APPENDIX.

It is interesting to record that one Indian girl of pure blood was present at the Celebration, the only representative of her fast vanishing race. Her name, WAZIWAITEWIN means Good pine tree, and her adopted name is ANNIE C. LYMAN. She is a Sioux of the Dakota tribe and a student at the Institute at Hampton Virginia.

Concord by vote at the November meeting accepted the "HARGOOD WRIGHT Semi-Centennial Fund" and the amount given, one thousand dollars, (\$1000) has been deposited with the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, to accumulate for the next fifty years. The giver of the fund is a descendant of the seventh generation, from the first of the name, EDWARD WRIGHT, who settled in Concord, about 1650. PETER, a son of EDWARD, left by his will a fund of one hundred pounds for the benefit of the poor of the Town, the first of the long list of Town Donations still held by Trustees for the purposes for which they were given. HARGOOD WRIGHT, the son of NATHAN MERIAM WRIGHT, was born in Concord March 28, 1811. He settled in Lowell and has been a successful merchant there, occupying the same store for fifty years. He has filled many positions of municipal trust and honor with great acceptance, and gave to Lowell on its fiftieth anniversary, a similar donation to this to Concord on its two hundredth and fiftieth. In thus ending, as his ancestor began, the present list of donors to Concord's Funds for useful purposes, it is but a slight tribute to his and his ancestors worth to record here this brief notice.

It was found at the final meeting of the Committee of Arrangements, that the Celebration had been successfully carried out at an expense including the cost of the historic tablets, within the appropriation. A small balance was left, and used to defray in part, the cost of printing this report, published in accordance with a vote of the Town passed at the November meeting, and prepared and edited by

J. S. KEYES,  
GEO. M. BROOKS, } *Committee.*  
SAMUEL HOAR, }













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